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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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For the Register.

The Proclamation of John Ross, the principal chief the Cherokee Nation, calling on his people to express their gratitude to Almighty God for their present state of security and prosperity, and alluding to their past agonized sufferings, with feelings which cannot be described, has recalled to my remembrance the conflicts and trials endured by this truly great man for the preservation of his people and country. Nothing was left untried to gain the consent of Ross and other chiefs, to part with their hereditary rights; but failing of their object, resort was had to fraud and stratagem, by avaricious, unprincipled men, with a view to share in the spoils of the Cherokees. Ross and his party were subjected to every outrage and suffering, which it was hoped would subdue their firmness, in vain. When at last the struggle was over, and the parasites of the government had prevailed, and the fatal decree had gone forth which summoned the Cherokees to depart from their beloved and long cherished homes, no one can describe their agonies or the tenacity with which they clung to the venerated land which had so long been the abode of their renowned forefathers. Nevertheless the eagerness and cupidity of their neighbors could not await or attend to their sufferings, and the military received orders to seize on their prey wherever found and transport them to the land of their exile. The extreme distress and suffering caused by this movement, is described in the affecting Memorial of the delegates of the Cherokee Nation, to the honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled. "Your memorialists say they have no desire to dwell on the harrowing causes of the removal of the great mass of our people from their native country to the wilderness of the West. The history of that capture is notorious, and that its agonies were mitigated, is owing to the consideration of the stronger, in not demanding of an entire people to say they had acknowledged, what it was known they had disavowed, and in the permission humanely accorded to their leading men, of personally supervising their compelled removal." The estate of J. Ross, situated in a most commanding position with his spacious dwelling house, early attracted the insatiate desire of their oppressors to possess themselves of this domain, and Ross had been compelled to remove and take shelter in one of the out-houses appropriated to some of his numerous herds. Here he was treated with marked indignity, and even cruelty; yet neither threats nor promises could alter his firm resolves never to sanction the nefarious contract to abandon his country. Ross was unquestionably the principal instrument in gaining permission to superintend the removal of the Indians, as his integrity and honor was undoubted. Yet he says, "it is impossible to describe the stern spirits I had to deal with, or their despair and reluctance at parting with their fair land, with all its weeds and streams; the land so solemnly pledged in acknowledgement for the wide domain ceded to the United States by the Cherokees." However, humiliating it may be to recall transactions, where no regard was had to justice or humanity, such characters as J. Ross should live in our remembrance. They do honor to our nature and give an assurance that the inspiration of the Almighty still operates in the soul of the unperverted.

It should also impress on our minds our obligations to repair as much as possible the wrongs done to this devoted race.

It is pleasing to find many men of the most exalted talents and integrity who are strongly impressed with the lofty characteristics, which in a peculiar sense, belong to the natives of this land; of this we have a noble specimen in the eloquent Centennial Discourse of Judge Story. "There is, indeed, (says the writer,) in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment, much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities, much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history. Every where at approach of the white man they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever.—They pass mournfully by us and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forest; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for brave men beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships."

"If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also.—Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they?—Where are the villages, and warriors and youth? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished—they are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker; which hath eaten into their heartscore—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, few and faint, yet fearless still. The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls around their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow but unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look at their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans.—There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both, which chokes all utterance, which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassible gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant nor unseen. It is the general burial-ground of their race."

"Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate, much that we know not how to interpret: much of provocation to cruel deed, and deep resentment; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingled with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollection; much of dark foreboding."

Judge Story after summooning up the specious reasons which have been brought forward to palliate the treatment our Indians have received, and to prove that they cannot assimilate with civilized men, thus proceeds: "It may be so; perhaps in the wisdom of Providence it must be so. I pretend not to comprehend, or solve, such weighty difficulties. But neither philosophy nor policy can shut out the feelings of nature.—Humanity must continue to sigh at the constant sacrifices of this bold but wasting race. And religion, if she may not blush at the deed, must as she sees the successive victims depart, cling to the altar with a drooping heart, and mourn over a destiny without hope, and without example."

S.

JOHN MILTON AND THOMAS ELLWOOD.

The following is part of an article taken from the London Inquirer. We extract it from *The Unitarian* and Foreign Religious Miscellany, the useful publication, edited by Rev. G. E. Ellis.

At page 92 of his Memoirs, Thomas Ellwood says,—"I mentioned before, that when I was a boy, I had made some good progress in learning, and lost it all again before I came to be a man; nor was I rightly sensible of my loss therein, until I came amongst the Quakers. But when I both saw my loss and lamented it, I applied myself with the utmost diligence, at all leisure times, to recover it; so false I found that charge to be which, in those times, (John Milton's 'Evil Times,') was cast as a reproach upon the Quakers, that they despised and decried all human learning, because they denied it to be essentially necessary to a Gospel ministry, which was one of the controversies of those times. But though I toiled hard, and spared no pains to regain what once I had been master of, yet I found it a matter of so great difficulty, that I was ready to say, (as the noble treasurer of Ethiopia did to Philip, in another case,) 'How can I, unless I had some man to guide me?' This I had formerly complained of to my especial friend Isaac Pennington, but now more earnestly, which put him upon considering and contriving a means for my assistance. He had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note, in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, and for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London; and, having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him, who usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning. Thus, by the mediation of my friend, Isaac Pennington, with Dr. Paget, and Dr. Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him, (which at that time he needed not,) nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and to read to him what books he should appoint me, which was all the favor I desired.

But, before this took place, Thomas Ellwood returned to his father's house, in Oxfordshire, where he fell ill of the small-pox. After his recovery, he hastened back to London; and, as his sure friend, Isaac Pennington, had mediated successfully for his admittance to John Milton, that he might come when he would, "I went, in the first place, (says our biographer,) to wait upon him. He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies. I went therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house, which was then in Jewin-street, as conveniently I could; and from thenceforward, went every day, in the afternoon, except on the first days of the week; and, sitting by him, in his dining-room, read to him in such books in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read. At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me, if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand the Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either at home or abroad, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels; so different from the common pronunciation used by the English, who speak *Anglice* their Latin, that (with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases, a *c* before *e* or *i*, like *ch*; *sc* before *i*, like *sh*, &c.,) the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it were another language. I had before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar, in which I had once been very ready, that I could both read a Latin author, and, after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder for me to read than it was before to understand when read. But '*Labor omnia vincit—Improbus*'—

'Incessant pains
The end obtains.'

And so did I; which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone, when I understood what I read and when I did not; and, accordingly, would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. Thus I went on for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoons, and exercising myself with my own books in my chamber in the forenoons. I was sensible of an improvement. But, alas! I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree for health; my lungs, I suppose, were too tender to bear the sulphurous air of that city, so that I soon began to droop; and in less than two months' time, I was fain to leave both my studies and the city, and return into the country to preserve life; and much ado I had to get thither."

Thomas Ellwood recovered, at last, from a severe illness, of which he says,—"The Lord was both gracious to me in my illness, and was pleased to raise me up again, that I might serve him in my generation. As soon as I had recovered so much strength as to be fit to travel, I took leave of my friends, and returned to my studies in London. I was very kindly received by my master, who had conceived so good an opinion of me, that my conversation, I found, was acceptable to him, and he seemed heartily glad of my recovery and return; and into our old method of study we fell again; I reading to him, and he explaining to me, as occasion required. But, as if learning had been a forbidden fruit to me, scarce was I well settled in my work before I met with another diversion, which turned me quite out of my work. For a sudden storm arising, from I know not what a surmise of a plot, and thereby danger to the Government; and the meetings of dissenters, (such, I mean, as could be found, which, perhaps, were not many besides the Quakers,) were broken up throughout the city, and the prisons mostly filled with our friends."

After enduring two imprisonments, Thomas Ellwood, in a subsequent part of his narrative, thus relates:—"Some little time before I went to Alesbury prison, I was desired by my *quondam* master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfort, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to wait on him, and see him well settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure; and when I had done so, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found that it was that excellent poem entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgement of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it; which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise *lost*, but what hast thou to say of Paradise *found*?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained;' and, in a pleasant tone, said, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'" [London Inquirer.

WAR.

From a sermon by Rev. William P. Tilden, suggested by the death of Lieut. Edward Eastman.

"My mind has been particularly called to this painful subject during the past week by a brief visit from a young friend who but a day or two before had received the melancholy intelligence of the death of a much loved and only brother who had joined the army.

The name of that brother, Edward Eastman, is remembered doubtless by many of you, though several years have elapsed since he left this place for the far West. He was the only son of Phineas and Judith Eastman, of the neighboring town of Franklin. I am told it was here, in Concord, that he served his apprenticeship as a printer, that he constantly attended this place of worship and was a member either as pupil or teacher of the Sabbath School connected with this society.

Those who were intimate with him at this time speak of him as one who from his native talent and studious habits gave good promise for the future. Often I am told by one of his fellow apprentices would he spend nearly the whole of the night after a hard day's work in reading and storing his mind with such information as he deemed most important and useful. Soon after he became of age he left for the west, and being a somewhat earnest politician became the editor of a political paper. Not realizing his hopes in this department of labor, he commenced the study and practice of law. Subsequently, however, for some cause he resumed his former occupation as printer, and was engaged at this work in an office in Nashville, Tennessee, when the requisition was made for volunteers for the army. The southern paper that gives the notice of his death says: 'We knew Lieut. Eastman in private life, and knew him to be an honorable, high-minded, upright, conscientious and respectable citizen. He was a worthy son of the old Granite State, but when the bugle called our citizen-soldiers to arms he was among the first to respond to the call, and was elected 2d Lieutenant of the Nashville Blues.'

He died at Camargo, where he had been detained to take care of the sick belonging to the first regiment of Tennessee volunteers. Great efforts were made for his recovery by Dr. Wells, his friend and physician, but he had sunk too low before the Dr. was called to his assistance. He passed away Oct. 25 in the flower of early manhood, aged 28 years.

But although he has fallen a victim to the war spirit, yet his friends have the sweet consolation of knowing that he did not die in actual battle seeking the heart's blood of his brother man. He fell before the shaft of disease while seeking not to destroy life but to save. In the notice of his death to which I have alluded, it is said that 'Lieut. Eastman by his assiduous attention to the afflicted and suffering soldiers—his unceasing efforts to soothe their spirits and relieve their distresses—and his uniform kindness and goodness of heart had won the universal respect and esteem of all his acquaintances. Perhaps no man, either officer or private in the army possessed a stronger hold on the affections and warm and sympathetic feelings of his immediate acquaintances and companions in arms than he did. We have heard the parents and friends of the poor boys who fell victims to the insalubrious climate of Camargo express with deepest sensibility their gratitude to him for his unwearied attention to them while sick, and for his unremitting care and adjustment of their worldly affairs after death had taken them away.'

O how grateful to the aged parents now bowed down in heart-breaking anguish at the untimely death of their dear and only son, and to those fond sisters who mourn the loss of an only brother, will be this beautiful testimony to the kindness of heart, the beneficence of spirit, the self-sacrificing devotion to others' welfare, which that son and brother manifested in those last labors of love which his hands performed. Who cannot sympathise with the feelings of that sister who in a line she wrote me, after having delivered the sad message to her parents and sisters, and mingled her tears with theirs, says, 'I think we have reason to be thankful that he was not left to shed man's blood—to bring death upon his fellow man."

They have indeed cause for gratitude that the heart and hand which God made for love and beneficent labor found even in the camp, the work of a ministering, a comforting, not a destroying spirit. They have cause for deep thankfulness that although in an evil hour under the influence of a depraved unchristian public sentiment, that so boldly repudiates as *Utopian folly* the *Forgiving Love* of the gospel, he was led to volunteer his services for the battle-field, that he was still so providentially withheld from the legitimate work of war; that he was permitted to devote all the energies of his active mind and warm heart, not to the infliction, but to the relief of human suffering.

May all the consolation which this fact is fitted to impart be gratefully cherished by the bereaved friends. May their hearts be visited and blessed by the rich influences of the "comforter," in this hour of their sorrows; and may we all be moved by this painful event to more earnest and persevering efforts for the removal of that murderous system before which our young brother fell and which is drenching this fair earth with blood and tears.

Many doubtless there are, who, as they read of the sufferings of the sick and wounded that occasionally reach us are sceptical as to the truth of the statements made, because the individuals who write are generally unknown to them. Listen then to the testimony of Lieut. Eastman, in a letter which he wrote but a few weeks previous to his death—'Our situation is truly melancholy, and I can see no good reason for concealing it. Many of our companies have dwindled away to a comparatively small number by sickness and death, and many noble, brave, generous sons of Tennessee have breathed their last on the Rio Grande.'

Noble, brave, generous sons of Tennessee, I have no doubt many of them were; and that they really thought they were doing God service as well as their country by volunteering for the fight. While the popular religion of the land can enslave, hang and kill by wholesale in the name of Christ, is it strange that young men, *generous* and *brave*, brought up under its influence, should be ready to do the work which Church and State unite in celebrating as *patriotic* and *glorious*? The spirit of heroic self-sacrifice in itself is grand and beautiful. And O how sad to the christian heart that this noble spirit, so deeply needed in the great moral warfare against sin, in redeeming the world from violence, oppression and vice, and blessing it with truth, purity and love, should be thus misdirected and perverted to the destruction of mankind. Oh could we see the same willingness to make sacrifice for Christ and humanity that there is to encounter suffering and death for what is called patriotism and glory, how soon would the angel song of Peace on earth and good will among men again be heard heralding the spiritual advent of all souls to a higher and holier life.

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Turn your thoughts for a moment from the heart sickening scenes of Monterey and Tabasco, to the steamer Atlantic as she is driven slowly but surely towards that fatal point where she was dashed in pieces, and some fifty fellow beings found a watery grave. Mark the contrast, the *moral* contrast, between the casualty and the battle. The shipwrecked sufferers see and know the imminent peril they are in. The experienced commander tells them frankly in answer to their anxious and oft repeated inquiries, "If the anchors hold we are safe—if they do not—there is little chance for us." The gale increases. The anchors break their hold and drag. Their fate is inevitable. But no malignant passions are called into exercise. Oh no! There is a heartfelt sympathy, profound and beautiful, such as is only awakened by a sense of common want and common danger. All, even the most thoughtless, are made to feel their dependence upon a power above them. Their spiritual nature is aroused. The religious affections are moved. They assemble for prayer. They read the precious promises of God's love. They commit their sprits to their Heavenly Father, and calmly wait the trial hour. Words of encouragement are spoken—words of hope, immortal hope that look beyond the frowning reef and the dashing wave to where the storm blast never comes. What disinterested love is manifested. The gallant commander thinks not of himself but of his charge. 'Tis for their safety he is anxious more than for his own. 'Tis for them he labors preparing plank and life-preservers, forgetting the need of any for his own person. Officers of the army too, are there, men trained in the art of destroying life, but laboring now with noblest courage and heroism to *save*. The helpless are the special objects of care. Their heads are bound around with clothes to protect from the piercing cold and the sharp rocks,—planks are lashed together and put by their sides, and every effort that the very *spirit* of humanity could make was put forth. She strikes. A few moments more and her giant form is dashed in pieces, scattering her crew and passengers among the rocks and broken fragments of the wreck. A wave of mercy sends some few ashore unharmed. What then? Do they rejoice in their own safety forgetful of those still in the waves? Oh no! Again and again they peril their own safety in the hope of saving others; and not until the last groan is hushed, and nought heard but the raging storm and the dashing wave—nought seen but the scattered fragments of the wreck, do they leave the fatal spot to attend to their own wants. Oh, is there not something morally sublime in this noble self-sacrificing heroism to *save life*? Is it not a beautiful revelation of the divine, the immortal in man? Death and suffering are there, but O how far removed in its moral aspect from the death and suffering of the battle field. Here the noblest faculties of the mind and heart are brought into exercise to *save life*. *There* the perverted animal passions are all goaded to demoniac fury to slay and to destroy. Truly does Dr. Channing say, 'the chief evil of war is moral. If it only slew man it would do little, it turns man into a beast of prey. War is the concentration of all human crimes. Here is its distinguishing, accursed brand; here is the chief evil of war; that man made to be the brother, becomes the deadly foe of his kind; that man, whose duty it is to mitigate suffering, makes the infliction of suffering his study and aim; that man whose office it is to avert and heal the wounds which come from nature's powers, makes research into nature's laws and arms himself with her most awful forces, that he may become the destroyer of his race.'"

CREEDS.

Richard Baxter, in speaking of creeds, says:—

"Though we would subscribe to the whole scripture, or any confession drawn up in its phrase and matter, yet this will not serve for union and communion. They tell us heretics will subscribe to the scriptures; and I tell them, that heretics may subscribe also to their confessions, and force a sense of their own upon them; and that God never left them to make better confessions, and fitter to discover heresies, than scripture doth afford.

The papists have set up whole volumes of councils and decrees for the rule forsooth, because the scripture is dark and all heretics plead scripture. And what have they done by it, but cause more darkness, and set the world and their own doctors too, in greater contentions.

Thus men lose themselves, and abuse the church, because God's word will not serve their turn as a rule for us to unite upon. This is the one rule that God hath left, and men will needs blame this as insufficient, and mend God's works by the devices of their addle brains, and then complain of divisions when they have made them!

The rule that all must agree in must be made by one that is above all, and whose authority is acknowledged by all. Never will the church have full unity till the scripture sufficiency be more generally acknowledged. You complain of many opinions and ways, and many you will still have, till the one rule, the scripture, be the standard of our religion.

Two things have set the church on fire, and been the plagues of it above one thousand years. 1. Enlarging our creed, and making more fundamentals than ever God made. 2. Composing, and so *imposing*, our creeds and confessions in our own words and phrases.

In pursuing the subject, this fearless advocate of the authority and sufficiency of scripture, imputes the introduction and multiplication of human creeds among christians to the artifices of their great spiritual enemy; who, as he proceeds to observe in the style of his day, "will needs be a spirit of zeal in the church; and he will so overdo against heretics, that he persuades them they must enlarge their creed, and add this clause against one, and that against another, and all was but for the perfecting and preserving of the christian faith. And so he brings it to be a matter of so much wit to be a christian, as Erasmus complains, that ordinary heads were not able to reach it. He had got them with a religious zealous cruelty to their own and others' souls, to lay all their salvation, and the peace of the church, upon some unsearchable mysteries about the trinity, which God either never revealed, or never clearly revealed, or never laid so great a stress upon; yet he persuades them that there was scripture proof enough of these; only the scripture spoke it but in the premises, or in darker terms, and they must but gather into their creed the consequences, and put it into plainer expressions, which heretics might not so easily corrupt, pervert, or evade. But what got he at this one game!

He got a standing verdict against the perfection and sufficiency of scripture, and consequently against Christ, his spirit, his apostles, and the christian faith: that it will not afford so much as a creed or system of fundamentals, or points absolutely necessary to salvation and brotherly communion, in fit or tolerable phrases, but we must mend the language at least. He opened a gap for human additions, at which he might afterwards bring in more at his pleasure. He framed an engine for an infallible division, and to tear in pieces the church, casting out all as heretics that could not subscribe to his additions, and necessitating separation by all dissenters, to the world's end, till the devil's engine be overthrown. And hereby he lays a ground upon the divisions of christians, to bring men into doubt of all religion, as not knowing which is the right. And he lays the ground of certain heart-burnings, and mutual hatred, contentions, revilings and enmity."

NOBLE SENTIMENT.

When Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prop the falling credit of an acquaintance he replied—

"The man was my friend when friends were few: and I will be his, now that his enemies are many."

A SHORT SERMON.

"Yet Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil, disputing about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said: The Lord rebuke thee," Jude, 9.

Our remarks on these words will be classed under three heads:—1. Introduction; 2. Explanation; 3. Application.

1. *Introduction.* *M.* Brother A., let me introduce you to brother B., of C.

A. Happy to see you, brother B., you are the angel of the Church of C., I believe.

B. Why, not exactly the *angel*, brother A.

A Not the *angel*! Why, you are not the *devil* of the Church, are you?

B. Why, no, I hope not.

A. Well, I did not suppose you was exactly an angel or a devil; but which do you resemble most? How do you treat your brethren, do you bring against them railing accusations, or are you mild and Christian-like in your deportment, and leave vengeance unto the Lord?

B. was silent.

2. *Explanation.* We have selected these words as the foundation of this discourse, because they contain a principle very imperfectly understood, and still more imperfectly practiced by many Church members. Here was a dispute, not between brethren of the same Church, not between saint and sinners, but between an angel and the devil, between the very extremes of God's moral creation. If in any possible contingency it were right to deal in railing accusations, in denunciation, and upbraiding, it would have been right in this case. How much evil has the devil caused! He had tempted our parents to sin, and thus brought death into the world, and all our woe. And yet Michael, in view of the requirements of Heaven and the commands of God, *durst not* bring against him a railing accusation. How different the conduct of erring mortals!—They even will pour forth vials of wrath on the heads of their fellow-creatures, their equals, their brethren for whom Christ died, and whose names are engraven on Christ's hands. In consideration of these things we selected this text.

[Cross and Journal.

GIVE NO PAIN.

Breathe not a sentiment—say not a word—give not an expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinion and expression of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by a word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

THE FOUNDATION OF HAPPINESS.

I lately visited a young woman who for two years has been confined with a severe, and, doubtless, a mortal sickness. I found her rejoicing with more than her accustomed joy, and at the same time suffering more than usual. I could not forbear asking her, "What is it which makes you always so happy?" She replied, "Because I am in God's hands, and God is love." Surely, said I, if this be its foundation, your joy no man taketh from you. I visited next an aged saint, who has survived her 92d year, and for sixty years has been a professed disciple of Christ. She said, "I am not without fears; and yet I think I can say, I am now ready to be offered. I desire not to choose. If I live, I shall be with God; and if I die, I shall be with God." Another aged saint, when expressing an almost inexpressible blessedness, let fall these words: "I would not be out of the hands of God for a million worlds."

Is this, then, thought I, the secret of being blessed? Is this the foundation of blessedness,—simply that *we are in the hands of God*? I opened the Bible, and found that it was so. I found the saints in affliction peacefully saying, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth good in his sight." I found them praising God in song, and saying, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitudes of isles be glad thereof;"—and in still loftier strains, "Let the heavens rejoice, let the earth be glad; let them say among the nations, "The Lord reigneth." And I said—It must be so. God's children are made happy by the thought that God reigns. The foundation of their blessedness is the universal sovereignty of God—the fact that they are entirely in God's hands.

Behold, now, *how broad and solid a foundation for peace is here.* If a man is happy simply because he is in God's hands, the foundation of his peace is broad as God's dominion, and firm as God's throne. Push such an one "to the farthest verge of the green earth," but you cannot push him off from the foundation on which his joy is built. Put him in prison—plunge him in poverty—separate soul from body; but his joyful language is,—

"Awake, asleep—at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God."

Like Hagar in the wilderness, remembering, "Thou God seest me," he will be at peace.

[Puritan.

It were well if all those who took care to provide burying places for their bodies after death, were as careful to provide resting places for their souls.

SAVONAROLA.

A very interesting sketch of this noble reformer is given by Mr. Eliot in his *Passages from the History of Liberty*. He was born in Ferrara, on the 21st of September, 1452, and educated for the Church, where he labored earnestly for its purification. But in this, like all the reformers of his time, he met only with the most violent opposition, and finally, at the age of 45, lost his life. After a vivid picture of a most remarkable scene, Mr. Eliot continues as follows:

"Savonarola is in danger, but is saved, to-day, at least, by Marcuccio Salviati, who stands forth and marks with his sword a line upon the ground. "He who crosses this line, let him beware!" he cries to the threatening Evil-Companions; and they, seeing his stout form and his stoutly armed soldiers in their way, give up, for the present, their purposes against Savonarola. Then the prior, still defended by Salviati, leads back his monks to St. Mark's, and there, from his church-pulpit, recounts the confused history of this tedious and unsuccessful day. Night comes, presently, and the worn and exhausted reformer seeks his cell, to dream, perhaps, of peace he will never again have among men.

The conflict through which Savonarola had sincerely and unflinchingly toiled, was at an end. One day had apparently changed all his earnest hopes into failing memories. His reforms of custom, charity, art, education, government, and worship, were struck down by the issue of a single and a fanatic enterprise. So it seems; but it was not as it seemed. The trial was after more secret forms; the cause depended upon more solemn principles; and the judgment was a judgment of Heaven.

Forty-eight hours after the scenes upon the square were finished, St. Mark's was surrounded, at vespers, by the Evil-Companions, now determined to satisfy their rage against Savonarola. Many of the citizens were with them, either persuaded that the man to whom they owed so much, had been guilty of great sin in wishing to send a crucifix with his champion, Domenico, into the fire, or blindly borne against him, in spite of better memories. After all his preachings they were eager to have their passions for their laws. Coming through the open street, the mob of Evil-Companions murdered a young man, whom they overtook, reciting his prayers aloud, and, before the convent itself, they slew an artisan, belonging to one of the shops built round St. Mark's, because he came out, "slippers in hand," to remonstrate against their madness. Woe to Savonarola, but greater woe to them!

The convent doors were hastily closed, and the brethren, with some steadfast citizens, gathered round the prior. He would have gone out alone with robe and cross to meet his enemies; but, entreated to remain, he called his disciples, and kneeled in their midst, before the altar, awaiting whatever might befall him, in prayer. One of the principal citizens, Francesco Valori, who came perhaps, as was his wont, to vespers at St. Mark's, now went out to summon Florence to rescue her only real friend from death. The crowd, thundering at the church-doors, fell upon him when he came forth, and murdered him without fear. His death was the omen of Savonarola's destruction. Into the very church broke the Evil-Companions, shooting at the frightened monks, but gallantly resisted by such citizens as happened to have arms, and to be there with Savonarola.

Darkness and dismay were prolonged through many slow hours;—men were lying dead or wounded upon the church-pavement, and the air was filled with far other smoke than that from incense;—but there, in that scene of sacrilegious uproar, before a dimly-lighted altar, and in the midst of timid-hearted monks, the prior still knelt, praying for them, for himself, and even aloud for his enemies. At three o'clock in the morning, came messengers from the magistrates to summon Savonarola before them. He asked only for protection against the violence of evil men, and then turned to bid his brethren farewell. It was the last time that he spoke to them, and, after all the excitement of that tempestuous night, his words were gentle as when he sat with them beneath the trees of the convent-garden, in peaceful hours. "I am ready," he tells them now, "to bear all things with joy in the Lord's love, for in nothing else can a Christian life consist than doing good and enduring evil." He gave back to the monks the keys of office entrusted to him in better times, and, asking their prayers, as if he had foreboding of what was to come, he went away, leaving them in tears. The ever-faithful Domenico da Pescia and another friar, named Silvestro Maruffi, accompanied their master. They were directly led to prison, amid the insults of men for whom Savonarola had lived, and for whom he was to die. The branch was broken and trampled down, even by those to whom its blossoms were once a delight as its fruits were now a shame.

The magistrates, in power at the time of Savonarola's imprisonment, were of wholly different principles, religious and political, from those of the fallen reformer. The tendency of things, ever since the repulse of Pietro de' Medici, had been towards the rejection, sooner or later, of Savonarola. They among the Weepers who were still attached to their chief counsellor, were yet quite unable to save him, and so rapidly did their numbers fail, that to save themselves it was necessary to abandon the faith they had but briefly followed. "No crime," says the historian, Nardi, "now seemed greater than that of having believed in friar Girolamo."

Savonarola, in his prison, looked out upon a changed world from which his labors, full and long, already seemed swept away. Still he was blessed in his own virtue and affection, and, although he himself might be rejected, there was joy unspeakable and indestructible from what he had done in love for mankind. His reforms had come to an end, not because they were impossible, but because they had been begun too early, continued too imprudently, and carried too far to be secure. He was an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm had deceived him; he was simple-hearted, and his simplicity exposed him to injury; he was stern, even with much charity, and his sternness made him enemies among men whom he could never, perhaps, have made his friends. Yet neither in severity, nor in simplicity, nor in enthusiasm, was there any great wrong that could rise up against his heart, in those dungeon-hours, which were his last. He had "fought a good fight," he had "kept the faith" in which he believed, and, as he had taught men how to live, he was willing to teach them how to die.

Before the Grand Council of Florence, the very council created by him whom it was now almost fearful to name aloud, there was one man, and only one, bold enough to defend Savonarola. Agnolo Niccolini declared it "an impious and an execrable deed to stain Florence with the blood of one so great and so rare as father Girolamo;" but though the good Agnolo spoke bravely, he spoke in vain. Sixteen judges, taken from among Savonarola's enemies, were soon collected about him, as if they had been demons rioting over the plunder of a great spirit, and put him to tortures, which his frame was too weak and sensitive to bear. A confession against himself was forced from him, but it was retracted as soon as he was loosened from torment. Again he was bound and torn; again he confessed; again he denied; saying resolutely, that whatever pain might wring from him was all untrue. In the midst of severest agony, he prayed aloud that his persecutors might be softened and forgiven. The blessings of a holy heart were upon him, even in that terrible judgment-chamber.

Refreshed from heaven,
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart,
His countenance settles; a soft, solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised;
And Faith's whole armor glitters on his limbs!"

Savonarola had need of "Faith's whole armor" to protect his spirit against the angry passions which burst upon him from all sides. Pope Alexander, rejoicing with unchristian vehemence, sent to Florence his own commissioners, bearing orders to hasten the condemnation of the long-feared reformer in spite of any proofs of innocence. Before these men and his Florentine judges, Savonarola was again brought out from the prison, where he had been kept more than a month already, and when they had sufficiently charged him with heresy, sacrilege, and sedition, he was condemned, with his brethren Domenico and Silvestro, to be burned.

There was too little left to Savonarola that he should be vexed by love of the world or fear of death. He prayed for his companions on the last morning they were to see, (May 29th, 1498,) and together, they and he went forth to die upon the same square which their festivals had filled with sunshine and devotion. No one of these three was now unfaithful to the solemn memories and the more solemn hopes, which neither popes, nor judges, nor devils could take from them. Already assembled in public, upon the square, were magistrates and prelates waiting, as criminals a reprieve, the end of a life which for them had been spent in vain. There, too, were citizens looking on, some daring to rejoice, but most, it is to be hoped, only fearing to mourn aloud. Then, among this crowd of witnesses, came Savonarola, earnest as he was always, but serener in look and gentler in manner than he had seemed to the people when they most revered him. A bishop proclaimed that by authority of the pope, Savonarola was separated from the communion of the church triumphant; "but "Not so," answered the still resolute friar, "for only from the communion of the church militant can the pope separate me." The three victims, stripped of their priestly robes, were led forward to hear their sentence repeated before all the people, and were then taken to the scaffold. Some one exhorted Savonarola to be of good cheer, for the works he had done would not fail. "Man," he answered, "hath no need of human praise to be contented, nor is this life the time of glory." The confessor, who had been with him through his last hours, asked if he had anything more to say. "No more," was the calm reply, "than to ask your prayers, and to entreat my followers to bear patiently the sufferings my death may bring them." Memorable words of forgiveness and sacrifice! The crowd shouted, as the monks were bound by the executioner, that the time for the prophet's boasted miracles was come, and, lo! the flames, just kindled, are driven back by a gust of wind, and the miracle seems accomplished; yet not so, for again the fire rises fast, leaving still untouched Savanarola's arm, outstretched it was seen, as if to bless his ungrateful people.

Savonarola was but forty-five years old when he died, "worthy," as Muratori says, "of better fortune." But what that unknown voice spoke to him on the scaffold, that his good works would abide with men, was true in spite of strife and sacrifice. The shepherd was slain, and his flock was driven out from green meadows upon stony lands; but the pastures it was forced to leave, had not given their nourishment in vain. "Let a man do his work; the fruit of it is the care of Another than he." One Madonna of Fra Bartolommeo's painting, one verse of deeper poetry from Beniv

said he, "there stands the dew-drop's glorious roset—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish fool tramples on them no more. By this, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven. [Jean Paul.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY 23, 1847.

PLATO, PROF. POND'S BOOK. PLATO'S TRINITY.

PLATO, HIS LIFE, WORKS, OPINIONS, AND INFLUENCE. By Enoch Pond, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Bangor.

This is a very neat little volume of 156 pages, published in Portland, and intended as a popular exposition of the life, and works of Plato. It has been prepared, evidently, with care, and perhaps contains as profound a view of the subject, as people in general will desire to read. But we do not think that it goes into the real depths and subtilities of Plato's wonderful mind. We were a little surprised, that a scholar, a Professor in a Theological Seminary, and *therefore* a learned man, should undertake to get up such a work mostly from the study of English Translation. From the little that we have read of Plato in Greek, and the much that we have read about him in other works, we should say that he, above all other writers, requires to be studied in his own language. The exceeding subtility of his thoughts, the *fineness* of his intellectual and poetical conceptions and associations, and that peculiar sentiment or feeling, which is, like the aroma of some exquisite herb, the life and essence of the man, must, more with him than with any other writer, escape in the transfer from one language to another. He, therefore, who studies Plato in a translation, cannot, detect there, if we may so speak, the true flavor of his mind, nor will his own mind become imbued with the spirit of his author. And without this, he cannot in any very high sense, be the expounder either of his life or his works. We felt, while reading it, that Prof. Pond's book was pleasant enough, and that it was a pretty good superficial view of Plato, a tolerable *herbarium* or *hortus siccus* of his works. But there is nothing of the living spirit which we find in the works themselves, and which give them their charm.

With this disqualification, added perhaps to the peculiarity of his own mind which has no sympathy with the distinctive features of Plato's, Prof. Pond is not, we think, eminently qualified to do justice to the speculations of the Greek philosopher. He takes us rather over than thro' his system, and where he undertakes, as he sometimes does, to unfold his metaphysical views, he evidently is not quite master of his subject.

Take, as an example, the account of Plato's doctrine concerning the divine nature. After speaking of God, "the eternal source, and great first Cause of all—above all existence and thought—and (if the words have any meaning) above *existence itself*"—"the perfectly *causeless cause, which is prior to all causes*," he adds:

"From this great Fountain of being—itself above all being—Plato taught that numberless inferior divinities, of different orders had—either directly or indirectly, and by an eternal emanation—proceeded. I say by an *eternal* emanation; for Plato compared it to the light streaming forth from the sun, which is co-eval with the sun itself. The highest order of the gods—those which proceed directly from the Supreme—approach the nearest to his ineffable nature. Those which go forth directly from them, and indirectly from the great Fountain, are more unlike him than their immediate progenitors. At about the third remove from the One, the Supreme, is the Demiurge—the Artificer or Creator of the sensible universe—who is denominated Jupiter. The materials or elements out of which the worlds were made, viz. the earth, air, fire, and water, had existed, in a confused, chaotic state, from all eternity. In the shaping of these materials and their organization into the world we inhabit, three divinities seem to have been directly concerned. One contained within himself, and kept in view, the *idea*, the *pattern* according to which every thing was to be fashioned. Another performed the work of *fabrication*, in accordance with the model thus presented. The third took instant possession of the new made world—entered into it—animated it—became its soul—and thus constituted it a living creature, a god.

The fact that three of the gods were concerned as above stated, in the work of creation, has led some to imagine that Plato's theology involved the doctrine of the Trinity. But Plato believed in no Trinity, at least in the Christian acceptation of the term. He taught the existence of *several triads* among the gods. The one concerned, as we have seen, in the work of creation, is called the *the fabricative or demiurgic* triad. But each of Plato's triads consists of *three distinct gods*; and they are all of them *inferior divinities*—emanations, directly or indirectly from the One Supreme. Here surely is no resemblance to the doctrine of three co-equal, co-eternal personal distinctions in the one uncreated essence of the Godhead, as this is held in the Christian church. The notion of Plato's trinity, as bearing any resemblance to the Christian Trinity, seems first to have originated with the New Platonists, in the second century after Christ—some six hundred years after Plato. They were a sect of philosophers, who held that all religions are very nearly the same, only differently expressed, and who of course were interested to trace out as many resemblances between Platonism and Christianity, as possible.

Compare this statement with the following from a writer in the London Encyclopædia, who evidently understood Plato, and who, as a Trinitarian, was so impressed with the correspondence between Plato's view and that which he believed as a part of Christianity, that he supposes Plato must have inherited it by tradition.

"In the Divine nature he (Plato) believed that there are two and probably three, hypostases.—The first he considered as self existent, and elevated far above all mind and all knowledge; calling him, by way of eminence, the being or the one. The only attribute which he acknowledges in this person was goodness. The second he considered as mind, the wisdom or reason of the first, and the maker of the world; and therefore he styles him, *logos* (or word). The third he speaks of as soul of the world. (Not the spirit, but the principle of physical life). He taught that the second is a necessary emanation from the first, and the third from the second, or perhaps from the first and second."

This, let it be remembered, is written by a Trinitarian, and who does not see in it the ground work of the creeds which were introduced into the Christian Church in the third and fourth centuries! The later Platonists, of whom Prof. Pond speaks, wrenching from their original meaning the scriptural views of the divine nature, and distorting also Plato's views a little, in their passion for harmonising all things, brought the two together, and thus converted a doctrine which was borrowed from heathen philosophy into a fundamental article of Christian belief. This, we have no doubt, is the substantial fact of the case. The doctrine of the Trinity was the offspring of human speculation, for centuries it was sustained in the church by human authority, and to the present day it is kept in honor by human creeds, human councils and human reasonings, not by the plain teachings of scripture, in which, without the subtilties of human philosophy, it could never have been found.

For the Register.

THE APOSTOLIC EPISTLES.

In our last number we spoke of the use of these epistles for purposes of Christian instruction and edification. We now propose to say a few words as to the manner in which they must be read by those who would understand them and profit by them. They have generally been regarded, expounded and read, as if each were a general treatise on Christian doctrine, or rather a series of disconnected Christian aphorisms on a vast variety of subjects. This is very far from being the case. The epistles were none of them written as compends of Christian doctrine. They were addressed to churches and individuals, already initiated in the Christian religion, and possessed of authentic narratives of our Savior's life and teachings. They were pastoral letters, written each to serve some express purpose,—to meet some then existing want or emergency. Thus the epistle to the Romans was written to heal the breach between Jewish and Gentile members of the Church at Rome,—the first to the Corinthians, to rebuke wide departures from Christian duty and practice, into which converts imperfectly established in the faith, had not unnaturally been drawn, in the most corrupt and licentious city within the circle of apostolic preaching,—that to Philemon, to bespeak kind reception and honorable treatment, no longer as a servant, but as a brother beloved, for a fugitive slave,—those to Timothy and Titus to communicate the paternal sympathy and counsels of the aged apostles to his children in the faith. In like manner, each of the other epistles was written for some definite end; and their true worth and use can be ascertained only by looking at them with reference to the purposes for which they were designed.

One reason, why so much obscurity rests on these epistles to many minds, is that they are read by piecemeal. The reading of them in this way no doubt does some good; for the perusal of so many holy words can hardly fail to suggest some edifying meaning, though not always the right meaning. We regard this aphoristical mode of reading and interpreting them as the fountain head of false doctrine. We doubt whether, without the division of chapters and verses, the Calvinistic system would ever have found favour in Protestant Christendom. The doctrines of Calvinism rest principally on single verses of the epistles taken by themselves without reference to what precedes and what follows,—on verses, which, considered with reference to the context and the general scope of the epistle, demand an entirely different interpretation. Let us try this plan with reference to any composition of our own day, and see what vague and erroneous ideas it would give us. Suppose, reader, that you receive a letter of several sheets from an absent friend. You, in the first place, neglect looking at the date, and forget to ascertain whether your friend, when he wrote it, was at Mobile, Liverpool or Havre. At the outset, you divide the letter into a dozen chapters, and each of these into twenty or more verses without reference to the sense. To-day you take up the letter, and read the sixth or seventh chapter, to-morrow the twelfth, the next day the first, the next day the ninth or tenth. How much accurate information would you get from the letter? Some single isolated facts you would glean,—some matters of interest you would pick up as you read. But you would not be able to see how they were connected with each other. You would get no comprehensive idea of what your friend had been seeing, doing, enjoying or suffering. The letter as a whole would be enveloped to your mind in as dense a fog, as now rests with the great majority of readers, on the epistles to the Romans and the Galatians. Yet this is the only way, in which many ever think of reading the epistles. They read them perhaps without any distinct idea that they are letters, imagining them to be mere vague, rambling homilies, on this and the other point of Christian faith or duty. But let them be read as continuous letters. We often read at a sitting longer letters than the longest of these; and he who will do the same with one of these, will never forget or regret it, but will be amazed at the difference between reading an epistle through and reading now and then a chapter here and there.

It is the division into chapters and verses, and the careless habits of reading so generally prevalent, that have given St. Paul the popular reputation of being a very desultory writer. We know of no writer who is less so. He indeed sometimes makes a long parenthesis, and sometimes leaves his main subject to carry out an important collateral thought; but he always resumes the thread of his discourse, and never drops a discussion till he has finished it. He always has a definite end in view, and goes straight forward in pursuit of that end, with a profusion of argument and illustration indeed, but keeping his main purpose steadily in sight, and adjusting all his rhetoric and logic so as to bear upon it.—But it is very easy for a reader or a commentator, who is too indolent to follow a writer of St. Paul's energy and fervor, to say,—"He is desultory,—it is in vain to think of teaching him." This simplifies the work of interpretation, and gratifies the critic's self-complacency at the apostle's expense.

We wish that there were generally accessible commentators on the epistles, which could be recommended without qualification. We trust that the completion of Livermore's series will do much towards supplying the want. Belsham on St. Paul's Epistles is the best English commentary on them; but this unfortunately is a very rare book. Locke on the Epistles takes the next place, and his Preface every one ought to read, but the Commentary itself is far from being worthy of the Preface, and betrays frequent ignorance of the idioms of Hellenistic Greek and the fundamental canons of criticism. But even without commentaries the intelligent reader, who will only bend the whole force of his mind to the study of these writings, will find new light continually breaking in upon him from them, and will be constantly urged to a closer familiarity with them.

If anything is wanting to encourage our readers to the diligent study of these epistles, we would entreat them to avail themselves of the high privilege of becoming conversant with the minds of such men as James and Peter, Paul and John,—the leaders of the sacramental hosts of God's elect,—the chief witnesses of his sufferings and his glory. If there are two men, with whom we would covet a peculiarly close acquaintance, and to communion with whom in heaven we should look forward as a boon to be ardently longed for, they are Paul and John,—the mind, the heart of the primitive Church, and yet not mind alone nor heart alone; for never was there a truer, warmer, more devout heart, than Paul's, and if we seldom think of John's intellect, it is because in him a mind of no ordinary mould consecrated itself wholly to those tender, touching themes that always make us feel rather than reason, or rather, make us reason through the affections, which are always much nearer the truth than intellect without love. We believe that a right appreciation of the minds and hearts of these two great men of God, and sympathy and communion with the spirit that was in them, stand next only to faith in Christ, as aids and supports in the religious life. In the path of our heavenward pilgrimage, we would fain go on with our divine Master before us, and with John and Paul on either side to point out his footprints and to define his waymarks.

A. P. P.

We hope that our readers will not pass lightly over the following communication from one who is evidently in earnest, and who is competent and willing to do what he proposes. Shall the funds be procured?

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—In an extract from a private letter given in your paper of Jan. 2d., an allusion is made to a topic of no ordinary interest to every friend of true and enlightened Christianity, and upon which the writer of this communication wishes to dwell for a brief space.

The plan of the diffusion of Christianity by means of a distribution of books and tracts, it is needless to say is no novelty to the Christian world. It has been well understood and acted upon by most of the various denominations. Vast and effective plans are now in operation of this description. In our own religious body however, there has been but little done in this way. The consequence is that the circulation of our writings is confined to a very limited portion of our country. It extends not, to any considerable amount, beyond the limits of the New England states, and by no means over the *whole* of these. The writer remembers having on one occasion searched faithfully throughout all the bookstores of one of the largest of our western cities without being able to find a Unitarian book of any kind with the solitary exception of a copy of practical discourses by Dr. Palfrey.

This state of things seems the more strange when we take into consideration the fact that our own denomination has been somewhat distinguished for the amount of talent which has been employed in writings of a religious and Theological character. Enough and more than enough has already been published, to go far towards reforming the Theology and essentially elevating the tone of morality and religion throughout our land, could these writings be but fairly brought to bear upon the public mind. But, through our own remissness, and the superabundant sectarian zeal of others, this has been almost wholly prevented, and, it may be added,—so long as this continues to be the case,—so long as the circulation of the writings of such gifted minds as those of Channing, Ware, Dewey and others, continues to be confined within such narrow limits, we shall look in vain for any *rapid* and *extensive* spread of those noble and elevating views of Christian truth which we hold and cherish.

This is well understood by the leading ones of those who oppose us, and hence much of the effort of sectarian zeal is exerted in this direction. There are but very few booksellers out of New England who will venture to offer for sale even the works of Channing. Were they to do this, the religious aspect of the community would frown upon them at once, with an expression too obvious to be mistaken; and if they did not *repent*, their occupation, and with it their means of subsistence, would speedily depart from them.

An incident is reported as having transpired not long since which serves to confirm this statement. A few copies of Channing's works were found upon the shelves of a book establishment but just beyond the borders of New England. Upon the knowledge of this fact, the owner was waited upon by a Committee of the dominant religious party, who gave him plainly to understand that if he persisted in his offence;—if he continued to keep such offensive books, the countenance and support of said religious party would be withdrawn from him.

Such is a sample of the kind and degree of exertion which is sometimes brought to bear against the diffusion of those writings which to us seem so important and powerful in the cause of truth and humanity. We would not speak with undue severity of such mistaken zeal; we would charitably *hope* that such things when they are done at all are done *conscientiously*. But we would earnestly ask, shall we who think that by such efforts, the most important truths of God are obstructed in their progress; shall we tamely and without an effort on our part permit such a narrow policy to triumph? Or shall we not contend manfully and with a true Christian zeal that the truth may have free course in the world!

We would do nothing to *force* our opinions upon others, and much less would we by aught that resembles the inquisitorial power attempt to silence the expression of the views of those who differ from us. But surely it is our right, nay, our *duty* to demand that what we regard as the truth should have a *fair chance;* that it should be permitted to go forth *unobstructed* among men, to the end that it may be recognized, adopted and *lived* by all those to whom it may seem to be the truth. We should not suffer it to be frowned down by fallible men, and laid aside or hid in a corner. If we *have* any important truth peculiar to ourselves;—if in *our own opinion* even, the light of Christianity shines with a clearer and brighter lustre in our teachings, it is most plainly not only a *right* but a *solemn duty* for us to use all reasonable and lawful means that our light may be made to shine abroad upon others. And it is to this end that the writer would urge upon the Unitarian public an increased attention to the circulation of books!—not however, that *less* should be done through the agency of the living voice: let this still speak in all its mighty power at all such times and places as may be possible. But let the *silent* messenger also speak in all parts of our land, and its power shall be mighty to overthrow error and upbuild the truth.

These remarks have been made with reference to a plan similar to that suggested in the extract already alluded to, and which has for a long time been cherished by the present writer. The first object of this plan would be the circulation of Channing's works. These seem most admirably adapted for a wide distribution,—a distribution which could not but be followed by the most important results. The fame of Channing as a writer has far out-run his reputed heresy, and hence these writings, containing as they do the most elevating and cheering views of God, of man and of duty, would in many instances be read and pondered when the same sentiments, if well understood to be Unitarian, would be avoided as contaminating to the very touch. The *man of letters* has before heard of this noble name, and will read out of a respect for the literary reputation of him who bore it.—The *opposers of war and slavery* have also heard of him as a powerful champion of their cause, and for *this* if for nothing else they will be glad of the opportunity of becoming more fully acquainted with the man through the printed volumes he has left unto the world. And in the end and by this means, the man of letters, the anti-slavery man and the man of peace, will, as it is quite likely, to their surprise and joy, find their theology reformed into a much more rational and salutary shape.

And we may add also, that, by this same instrumentality some of our Unitarian friends who are scattered here and there throughout our land, and who are blinded by an excessive conservative tendency, or as it may be by an unworthy *prejudice*, may be awakened from their inactivity, and be made the stout advocates of every true Christian reform; and by so doing prove themselves true to the enlarged spirit of that faith which they profess. Thus we see that by the spread of these works, Christian *doctrine* and Christian *reform* would be mutually, and, as it is believed, to a great extent, benefitted. The distribution of other appropriate writings would not be lost sight of in our plan, but all of our best volumes and tracts be scattered abroad as widely as possible. And who shall say that an immense good might not be done in this way! Who shall estimate the influence that might thus be exerted in dissipating the mist and darkness of a false theology, and delivering honest and thinking minds from skepticism and infidelity!

Another object in view would be to *preach* a true and enlightened faith whenever and *wherever* an opportunity should be afforded. Whoever should go upon this mission, whilst he should scatter the printed page with the *hand*, should proclaim that same holy faith by the power of the *living voice*. He might sometimes himself preach in places where our faith is unknown, and sometimes he might occupy the pulpits of other ministers upon the outposts for a few Sundays, whilst they should perform missionary labor in such places in their vicinity as might seem the most promising of success.—Thus, as another benefit of our plan, would a pleasant variety and a salutary relief be afforded to those faithful and self sacrificing men.

And now the important question arises, is not this a feasible and worthy plan? There seems to be but two things requisite in order that the experiment may be tried and that too with fair hopes of reasonable success. The *man* and the *means of his support*, these are all that are required. It has generally been thought that the deficiency in our body is in respect to the former, that the *right men* cannot be procured for such enterprises. And this may be true, if it is expected that the standard set up in certain quarters is to be fully reached. Thus for instance not long since when a call was made for a missionary for the state of New York, the demand as made in the papers seemed to be for nothing short of an apostle Paul, and it was pretty plainly intimated that none other need apply. And thus also the writer from which your extract is taken calls for a Joseph Barker. Now, it seems quite probable that this manner of making the demand may be better calculated to *defeat* than to *promote* the object in view. But few of our ministers, as we apprehend, would presume thus to place themselves on an egality with the apostle Paul or even with Joseph Barker.

But if an humbler individual is wanted, who, though not so highly qualified, might yet be able in this way to do something, perhaps *much* to advance the kingdom of Christ in the world,—if *such* an one is wanted, the writer of this is fully confident that *the man* may be had.

But who is ready to furnish the *means* to sustain this agency? *Who and how many* are ready to pay their five, ten, twenty, or *fifty* dollars towards defraying its necessary expenses? A few hundred dollars only would be necessary to make the *experiment* for a time sufficiently long to test the utility of such a mode of operation. It is believed that in the disposal of the books an income might be realized sufficient at least to cover the original cost, and it is not improbable that considerably *more* than this might be received. At the *utmost* the amount necessary to be raised would be only sufficient to pay the travelling expenses, and a reasonable allowance for the other expenses of the agent.—Are there not some whom God has blessed with worldly prosperity who stand ready to meet this demand?

H. S.

For the Register.

"DEVOTED MINISTRY."

MR. EDITOR,—It was with much pleasure that I read an article, with the above title, in your paper of the 2d. instant, from the Christian Banner, because it accords entirely with my sentiments and feelings, and appears so opportune and is so applicable in my judgment to the present time, "that our understandings have been enlightened, but the heart beats with an uncertain and feeble power." I believe with that writer, that this is the true state of our religious community. The understanding has been addressed from week to week, when in most cases the heart is untouched, the feelings undisturbed, and the affections neither excited nor strengthened, the sympathetic glow of christian love entirely absent. In my opinion a different kind and style of preaching entirely must be adopted to satisfy the present times, to produce regeneration so as to reform society to "Wake up" or "stir up" the hearts of our worshipping congregations to a higher sense of religious obligations, to a purer worship and to holier lives.

Sermons have been read from sabbath to sabbath in all our churches, far more than is profitable to hear, because there is more *instruction* given in them, than it is probable, may I not say possible to be understood and applied.

If it be necessary to hear these sermons and *essays* for most of them are nothing else than essays, then let them be delivered to any congregation so desiring or needing them. It is my opinion and has been for some time, that we have been sermonized into the very apathy that now exists in all our churches, and of which so much complaint is continually and justly made.

With the writer referred to, I am clearly of the opinion, that some change is called for, either in the administration of religion or in the spirit of our clergy, for so long as the present system or order of services is continued, this apathy or a greater degeneracy (which I fear) will be the consequence—no improvement—no reform—no accessions to the church.

I doubt not that the great mass of our community are becoming more enlightened, more intelligent upon worldly concerns in general, perhaps improving in the arts, and making new discoveries in the sciences; but that men are growing really *wiser* by knowledge of and experience in christianity, I do not believe. There is an increasing indifference towards sacred things, a decline of that reverence which true christianity inspires, less manifestation of active piety, in acts of benevolence and deeds of christian love and sympathy. These things are so, and the evidence is quite too palpable to be denied.

It is quite difficult to state the cause of this condition of things, the causes are many—the principle in my opinion is to be found in the progress of mind, which imbibes in the advance a free and independent exercise of thought and action upon the popular subjects of the times, unmix with the leaven of christianity.

Essays have been delivered upon christianity in some of our pulpits, while the old calvinistic doctrinal preaching has characterized others, all unappropriate and ill-adapted to the present improved condition and wants of the general mind.

Can a change be effected?—is it desirable?—and what is the remedy? The community is well informed and generally *understand* christianity; what is now wanted, is to feel it, yes to feel it, the feelings must be addressed and affected, the passions if need be must be addressed and guided into proper directions, men must be told that they are sinners, not to mince the matter; it is of too much consequence to be plastered over with untempered mortar.

It would be interesting to know how many of our clergy on the last sabbath, spoke to their congregations as to dying sinful men, that they had immortal souls to be renewed, and now in danger that the "pains of hell would get hold of them!" Of all the sermons delivered in this city the last two or three years how many souls think you have been regenerated and saved by them!

That sin is increasing amongst us we all believe the evidence is irresistible. The current of distinction which leads down to hell, is flowing rapidly onward and is carrying multitudes to the ocean of misery. Cannot this current be stayed and changed in its course? Christian ministers and christian laymen, with the blessing of God, can do it. It should be done, it must be done, a reformation is needed, aye without a reformation where are we to land and what is to be the destiny of our children and of the world?

I have desired to see a change in the services of the sanctuary. Let there be less written sermons and essays, less attempted expositions of mysterious systems and dogmas. Let us have exhortation, conference and prayer. Let our clergy go to their people in the fashion and spirit of the apostles, with their sermons written in their hearts and from such fountains, they come fresh to the hearts of their hearers. Let them come as good shepherds who care for their sheep.—Let them speak of sin, rebuke it wherever to be seen in high places and low, reprove the vicious pursuits the great evils of the times, and warn all as subjects of temptations. Speak plainly, speak freely upon these subjects, exhort to duty, instruct the young and lead them in paths of virtue and knowledge. Let them so preach and so feel, as if the salvation of all souls depended upon their faithfulness.

Such a clergy as we have are capable of doing all this without reading written sermons, which destroys the life and spirit of the word and renders it ineffectual to the saving of souls. If a minister has the spirit, it will speak out, and the influence of that spirit will be felt. It comes from the heart, it will reach and quicken hearts. It will kindle up a flame of love and devotion in the hearts of sinners which will lead to repentance and newness of life.

The exhortation, conference and prayer will excite interest, for men love to come together in the social meeting, they love sympathy here, they can have it, let this interest be felt, reformation and reform will surely succeed; but if we will not take heed to the wants and demands of the times, to awaken attention and touch the souls of men through the feelings and sympathies with something substantial the spiritual life, then we may despair of any improvement. It cannot be. No! it is the privilege of all the disciples of Christ to advance his cause, it is their duty, and woe be to him who neglects to avail of every opportunity and means to do his part. Neglect these and the time is distant when we are to expect any improvement in our religious world, in the spiritual condition of this generation.

Let this subject be considered. Let the church be the object of our efforts. Let the powers of our mind and the affections of our hearts be devoted to this subject, until a remedy is applied for all existing evils, until our own souls are sacrificed, and regeneration be felt by all, then our voices will join in the hallelujahs of the redeemed. Says the writer of the article in the Christian Banner "the young men and women of our congregations, why do they have so little regard for religion?" This is an important question.—One reason in my opinion is, that religion is not made attractive to them. Many of our young men are joining the Odd Fellows lodges and other associations said to be of a benevolent character and having charitable objects. Such things are not inconsistent with the church, introduce them there, do not let the church be supplanted by these associations, introduce any thing into the church, which has the work of charity or the promotion of virtue for their objects. Make the the church more social and attractive and call in the young men and women, with their fresh blossoms to ornament the altars, the middle aged, sowing their seed and reaping their sheaves. Bring the aged like corn fully ripe, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor all to worship together for the Lord is the maker of us all. Bring these all into the church, then christianity will revive again. Finally, make the church a social as well as a charitable institution; divest it of the gloom and *veneration* which has hung around and over it, remove the crusty varnish of ages which has despoiled it of its beauty, and gild it with fresh colors of inviting or even fascinating attractions. Let it appear lovely, because the loving and the good are there, then the young will come, the aged will be regenerated, the middle aged will flock to it for comfort and sympathy, then all will be revived in the spirit of our minds, a new era will dawn upon the church, new light will burst in upon it, rays from the great fountain will penetrate the dark corners of the heart, and glory will be our song and triumph our bliss. A change only can do this. Let the clergy and christian laymen see to it, upon them rests the responsibility for a better day to the church, and greater honor to Christ its head.

I trust that those who read this article will refer to the article which has called out these remarks, from one who is sensible of his inability to do justice to this important subject. As writes "Timothy so would write

TITUS.

For the Register.

MINISTERIAL SUCCESS.

We read now and then, that clergymen have given up their profession, or, in some few instances, have changed their faith from want of success in the ministry. Has it come to this, that a clergyman's success in the holy calling to which he has devoted himself is to be estimated by his popularity? Is a minister of Christ to be judged by the same standard that is used in estimating the merits of a successful merchant or lawyer? I believe that this is the current opinion. The man, who is settled in some remote hamlet, with a small salary on which he can barely subsist, however faithful, however self-denying, is generally regarded as unsuccessful. Especially if he gives his whole time to his people, never writes for periodicals, nor gets rich, nor is heard of beyond the bounds of his parish. One must be distinguished for something more than zeal in the performance of his duties on the spot where Providence has placed him, before he can be called a successful minister. His name must be sounded abroad, he must be run after, be applauded in the papers and publicly known, or he may live and die with the epitaph, cypher, on his grave stone.

Taking this as the state of public opinion, I ask how one can exhort young men to devote the best of their days to missionary labors. How can a conscientious man, who knows the trials, the self-denial, the obscurity to which a missionary at the West must be condemned, urge an inexperienced young man, who has spent his early days in a city, his youth and early manhood at Cambridge, to go in the freshness of his zeal and love to Illinois, or Wisconsin? After living away from books and men of education until his health fails and his means of subsistence are exhausted, if he returns to his early home, it is to come among strangers. He finds that his habits and tastes are different from those about him; that there is at heart little sympathy for him; and that if he is strong enough to preach, it must be in some out-of-the-way place, where he lives as a beacon to those who come after him warning them not to allow circumstances of situation to defeat the promises of early life.

This is no fancy sketch. There are not a few, who, too late in life, find that if their worldly wisdom had been commensurate with their zeal, they would not be classed with the unsuccessful.

While the opinion of a minister's success is the same that it now is, I never would advise a young man, who has received all the advantages of Cambridge, to settle in a remote town,—his whole existence thereafter is but a living death. It is idle to attempt to varnish over this matter with cant. It is, in sorrow I say it, the truth.

If clergymen must be sent to the small precincts of the far West, send those, who are not obliged to make such terrific sacrifices. Send those, who are used to a low state of society; who are only able to translate with a Lexicon a verse in the Greek Testament, who never saw a book larger than a quarto, and who deem the small pittance reluctantly doled out to them in the form of "wood, hay and stubble" as exceeding riches. Such men know that tourists do not lie when they say that Americans spurt tobacco juice upon carpets; and expect to find the simplicity and purity of country life in poetry; but never among the selfish, narrow minded, sensual beings with whom they commune.

If my statement of the prevailing sentiment respecting a minister's success be correct, I would, at once, give up the profession, and buy a hand-cart, or else offer myself as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, for in either case I should believe myself nearer fame's proud summit, than I can hope to be as a hedge parson. I believe the opinion false, but I believe it to be fostered in many biographies of deceased clergymen, written by clergymen. The idea is, that a man who has a new coat only once in two years, to whom a Boston Almanac is a handsome new year's present, and a turkey an almost forgotten luxury, must necessarily be unsuccessful, or he would not be so poor. So he is, if riches or fame be the measure of a minister's success. But if when one girds the Gospel armor on, he determines like a good soldier to fling away ambition, to renounce vanity, to give up country, associates, early indulgences and early friends, and be content to bear the loss of scholarship, and what is harder the pity of former companions, resolving to dedicate all his energies to the good of his people, let cliques and coteries censure as they may, then, that minister must be successful, though he have no other memoir than converted souls, no other epitaph than the tears of his parishioners. Success, who can pronounce upon a minister's success? Who knows but God whether he has done his duty? Away with worldly-mindedness, or else teach, from the beginning, that the clerical profession is to be entered into like other professions, for the reputation and honor to be gained.

Is it to be supposed that Oberlin and Felix Neff were the only faithful pastors in their country! God's favor irradiates the countenance of many a self-denying martyr unknown to man.

Mr. Editor,—I have written one thought on a subject, which I deem important. If any clergyman denies the prevalence of the opinion to which I have adverted, I trust that he will prove its falsity by his example, and not leave the ministry, or worse than all, change his party because he cannot obtain a parish to his mind.

W. A. W.

For the Register.

HEBREWS III. 3.

The passage in Hebrews, iii. 3. 4., is sometimes used by our orthodox friends to prove that our Savior, Christ, is God. "For this man was counted worthy of more glory than Moses inasmuch as he that hath builded the house hath more honor than the house. For every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God."

The text as I have now quoted it, would certainly be very puzzling to a Unitarian believer, but when compared with the context cannot support orthodoxy. In the previous verses the writer says, Christ was faithful *to him that appointed him* as Moses was; and the text adds that he was worthy of more honor than Moses, and then in the succeeding verses gives the reason, namely that Moses was faithful *in* the household as a *servant*, and Christ *over* the household as a *Son*.

The whole object of the epistle to the Hebrews is to exhort believing Jews not to fall back into Judaism, for that Christianity contains all that is good in Judaism. He in the first place shows that Christ is more worthy than Moses. His express object being to exalt Christ, what would he not have said if he had believed him equal with the Father! But now he calls him an apostle, one with his brethren, perfected through suffering, faithful to him who appointed him, a Son set over the household. "He that built all things is God, unto whom Moses was faithful as a servant *in* the household, unto whom Christ was faithful as a Son *over* the household."

My orthodox brother, thou can't not then with reason call this passage to your aid in robbing Christ of his true glory as a holy and obedient Son, to bestow on him honors which he does not claim.

E. N. P.

For the Register.

ORDINATION AT TEMPLETON.

The ordination of Mr. Edwin G. Adams at Templeton, as Colleague Pastor with Rev. Mr. Wellington, took place on Wednesday, the 13th inst.

The order of services at the Church were as follows: Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bond of Barre; Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Wellington, Senior Pastor of the Society; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburgh; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Winkley of Boston; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham.

The Ecclesiastical Council was convened in the morning, which was conducted with a formality and precision that would have satisfied the most rigid of our fathers. The Pastor elect, besides presenting the usual certificates, was closely questioned by different members of the Council, in regard to his religious faith and hopes, the degree of authority to be attached to the Old and New Testaments, &c. We like this. Let us either give up at once Ecclesiastical Councils, or let them be conducted with something of dignity and authority. Let them be no longer the ridiculous farces they sometimes are.

All the exercises were appropriate and highly interesting. The Sermon, on 1st Peter, iii. 18, was a clear and strong statement of the true object of the preacher's labors,—to bring sinners to God—to establish a unity between Him and man. It was maintained that this great object should always be kept in view; and the preacher showed, by a variety of pertinent illustrations, that this might be done in every Sermon, so that, whatever the subject, its bearing on this all important point might be clearly seen.

This Society has suffered much lately by its peculiar trying circumstances. But it is one of our oldest and most substantial Societies. Mr. Wellington has faithfully labored in its service for forty years, and now that he has the aid of one, in every way adapted to his situation, we look forward with confidence to many years of prosperity and Christian progress

P.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA, supplementary volume. By Henry Vethake.

We have no hesitation in saying, that we regard the Encyclopædia Americana as by far the best work, for all common purposes of reference that we have. Inferior, of course, it must be to the Encyclopædia Britannica, as a manual for those who wish to study subjects minutely; but we have almost always found it to contain in the smallest compass just what we wanted to have, and in this respect it is much more valuable than some larger and more expensive works. The only objection that we were beginning to have to it, is now removed, since this supplementary volume supplies the vacuum of fourteen years which have elapsed since the main work was published. It seem to us, from a slight inspection, altogether worthy to be added to the thirteen volumes that preceeded it, and that is the highest praise that every volume of the mind could ask. Those who have the previous volumes, will not be satisfied without this, and those who have them not will be much more likely to buy them on account of this.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, for the year 1847.

This volume contains a vast amount of information on a great variety of subjects, astronomical, statistic and political, systematically arranged, so as to make an almost indispensable Manual for every intelligent household. The full information in respect to the United States and the government of each separate State, is particularly valuable. Besides the usual minute astronomical and meteorological information, it contains a Chronological and a systematic Catalogue of Comets, by Prof. Pierce, than whom there can be no higher authority in such matters.

LOOKING UPWARDS; OR, DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS. By Charles Wellbeloved, with an introduction, by James W. Thompson.

This little book is full of sound reflections, and must do good where it is used. Perhaps we should say, that the "devotional exercises" seem to us not sufficiently near and hearty—the words are not those old idiomatic Anglo-Saxon expressions, which come home to us with the very spirit of prayer. The style of address too, is distant;—seldom, "Our Father," but "Great and ever blessed God," "Inconceivably great and glorious Lord God," &c., &c. Still, it is a good book with a good introduction, and, as it had become very rare, we are glad to see it republished.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW. A Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Arts and Science. Jan. 1847.

We rejoice to see the increasing excellence of this work. It is now, in point of life and ability, worthy to be placed by the side of the Democratic Review. The present No. contains, among other things, a very beautiful piece of poetry on the death of a young girl; a characteristic review of Festus, by Hudson, a spiritual and discriminating sketch of Hon. Rufus Choate, with an engraving, &c., &c.

THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVATORY, a Religious and Literary Magazine. A. W. McClure, Editor. Jan. Vol. 1. No. 1. Boston.

A new Orthodox periodical, with distinct indications of life. We are glad to see it and hope that both Editor and Publishers may have substantial evidence that their labors are appreciated. We copy the following curious intelligence, which has already had its counterpart in the thefts committed on the works of Unitarians.

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP.

In looking over the last number of that most valuable quarterly, the Bibliotheca Sacra, we were struck by the display of erudition on its pages. There is, in particular, an article from

he Rev. Mr. Withington, every way excellent; and also as "quotationipotent," to borrow a word coined in the Carlyle mint, as old Bayle himself could desire. We were led to think of some facts, which show, that, in the opinion of literary men in Britain, we have among our American books which are *stalworth*; which word, according to its Saxon derivation, means stealworthy, or worth the stealing. By this felicitous phrase the old Saxons indicated their sense of the value of an article. The rapacity of our plundering ancestors has descended, with their language, to our cousins over the water. One of them, some years ago, republished as his own a translation of "Jahn's Hebrew Commonwealth," made by Professor Stowe. Not content with this huge prey, the pilferer had the cool effrontery to pretend, in his preface, that Mr. Stowe was not acquainted with German!—Dr. Robinson's "Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament," had a similar fate. It was republished, with slight alterations, by Greenfield, as his work; and so well received by the British public, that a publishing house in New York imported a set of stereotype plates, at a very considerable expense, which plates were rendered useless, by the threat of an injunction on the part of the American owners of the copyright. In like sort, Dr. Robinson's translation of the Hebrew Lexicon of Gesenius, containing the corrections and additions made by its indefatigable German author, during an interval of twelve years, which improvements had never been published in Europe, was seized upon by one Tregelles, to help out what purports to be a version of his own, printed in London last year. There was the more audacity in this "act of appropriation," because Crocker & Brewster have exported to England more than seven hundred copies of the Boston edition; thus increasing the risk of detection to the wholesale plagiarist. But the cunning thief, to frighten his British friends from looking at Dr. Robinson's work, tells them, in his preface, that it is terribly infected with pestilential neology! We have recently had another whimsical case of the same kind. Professor Conant, a few years since, published a very excellent translation of the eleventh edition of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar. This work was reprinted by some one at London, as his own translation. The same respectable publishing firm at New York, to which we have already alluded, reprinted from the English copy; when, to their surprise, they found the American author coming down upon them with the copyright law. The matter was adjusted in a manner highly honorable; and, we hope, profitable to both parties. The work now bears a title, importing that it is a version of the fourteenth edition of Gesenius, with the improvements made under his direction by Rodiger.—The value of the work, thus arrayed in English garb, may be further evinced by the fact, that still a new translation of it has just been issued, from the pen of Professor Stuart. Here the lines of Ben Johnson may well apply:

"Such bookes deserve translators of like coate
As was the genius wherewith they were wrote."

Some have marvelled why Professor Stuart should repeat a literary job, which had been already so well done. We cannot explain the matter. We noticed that Mr. Conant, in his first preface, made no allusion to the veteran Hebraist of Andover, the patriarch of Biblical studies in this country. For this naughty and ungracious omission, he is punished in kind, by receiving in himself that recompense which was meet;" for Professor Stuart, who can best afford to have his name left unmentioned, makes allusion, in *his* preface, to the labors of Mr. Conant. Thus has the grand rabbi, in the phrase of Grynæus, "revenged himself by a Christian circumcision."

OBITUARIES.

HON. JOHN DAVIS.

We announced last week the death of the venerable Judge Davis, at the age of 86. He was born in Plymouth, for which place he always retained feelings of tender and affectionate respect. He was a graduate of Harvard College in 1781, where Samuel Dexter, Jeremiah Smith and Elijah Paine, all afterwards lawyers of very high distinction, were his classmates. He studied law, at least a part of the time, with Jearjashub Bourne, in Barnstable, and was at the same time a teacher in the family of Brigadier Otis. It is a little remarkable, that the Hon. Prentiss Mellen, late Chief Justice of Maine, and the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, late Chief Justice of New Hampshire, both read law in Barnstable, and that the Hon. Lemuel Shaw, the present Chief Justice of Massachusetts was born there. Judge George Thacher, Col. James Otis, also a Judge, Judge Davis, father of the solicitor-general, Daniel Davis, were Barnstable men.

When Oliver Wolcott became Secretary, Mr. Davis succeeded him as Comptroller of the United States Treasury. He was appointed District Attorney for Massachusetts in 1786, and Judge of the U. S. District Court, we believe, 1801 in which office he continued forty years with honor to himself and to the court in which he presided. The Judicial ermine was never spot more pure than while it rested upon him. He was equally remarkable for the clearness of his mind and the soundness of his judicial decisions.

He had a great taste for antiquarian knowledge, and in his edition of Morton's Memorial, made a valuable contribution to our early New England history. He was for many years a member of the government of Harvard College, and always took a lively interest in its prosperity.

We have never known a more lovely picture of old age than was seen in Judge Davis. He had faithfully performed, down to the completion of his fourscore years, the duties of a Judge. He was surrounded by friends, who knew how to love the man and to honor his virtues. He withdrew from his public labors, carrying with him a mind stored with rich and varied learning, a pure conscience, the retrospect of a life useful and honored, and a faith which looked with perfect serenity through whatever might await him here, to a more blessed state beyond. He was a member of the Federal street Society, and the last paper which he signed a day or two before he died, was a memorial against the removal of the Church, which had been consecrated by the prayers and spiritual teachings of Channing. On Tuesday he was able to be out as usual, but on Wednesday was quite ill. On Thursday morning, he asked his physician, a fellow-worshipper with himself, these two questions: Will the Church be removed? Shall I revive!" On being answered No, in respect to both, he smiled and never spoke again; but soon after fell peacefully asleep, and the expression of his countenance after death, was spoken of, as one of exceeding beauty, a fitting emblem or memorial of his life and death. He is now one of the just made perfect;" and it is good for us to dwell upon his memory.

For the Register.

GEORGE G. KUHN.

Departed this Life Jan. 17th, 1847.

We are indeed called to notice the death of one, who was respected by all who knew him, who stood in the sacred relation of son, brother and friend. As a son dutiful and obedient—his lovely disposition, ever displaying itself in the beautiful smile that was always seen, to light up and illume his countenance. To lose such a son was to add one more angel to Heaven, and though it leaves a void in the parents' heart, let them be comforted with the assurance, "In my Father's house are many mansions." And sister, do you mourn, truly you have cause, for you too have lost a companion; but fear not, put your trust in the Lord. Harvard University, death has *again* visited your place of learning, and torn from your embrace a lovely scholar—let it be an example to those that remain, to be always ready, and by a pure and holy life, to so prepare themselves for heaven, that when the hour comes, they may cry, "Father we are ready, into thy hand, we commend our spirits." **

For the Register.

SARAH LANE.

Died, in Hampton Falls, N. H. 23d ult. Sarah Lane, daughter of Levi Lane, Esq.

She was a person of rare virtues. Her mind was of a high order, singularly discriminating, and most candid. The person is seldom found possessing, in an equal degree, sound, accurate judgment in matters of religious truth. She heartily loved pure, unadulterated Christianity, and fully appreciated its beauty and value when compared with its many corrupt forms. For one so retired, and so occupied by domestic duties, her knowledge of the Holy Word was remarkable. No one, among the numerous readers of the Register, perused its articles with a more earnest delight, or with more true profit, than she. But she stopped not at mere knowledge. Her excellences were more of the heart, even than of the mind. In those inward, hidden graces of the heart, she manifested that her faith was something more than a name—a profession. She was faithful, true, sincere. And we mean such, when we say this. Though her virtues were known and acknowledged by her friends while she was with them, they will be valued more, now that she is gone.

"How blessings brighten, as they take their flight."

Her absence will be greatly felt and mourned in the neighborhood where she lived, in the Sabbath congregation, where she was a regular worshipper, and in the Church of which she was one of the brightest ornaments. But where will her absence be felt so much as in the family—the scene of her patient, faithful labor?—where, so much as in the desolate hearts of affectionate parents, brothers and sisters? She has left to them all, the best legacy, the example of a faithful life. And while her friends are permitted to receive and enjoy this spiritual treasure she has left them, they are assured that she needeth not their praises or their tears; having, as we humbly trust, already received the joyful welcome—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Sudbury, Jan. 4, 1847. L. H. S.

MRS. ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

The death of this lady, which found a record in the Register of last week, brought to a close a life of long and patient suffering. In consequence of weakness, infirmities, and disease, she had, for seventeen years, been confined to her house, or the sick chamber. This severe and long-continued trial was met and borne by her with the most uncomplaining submission and with a perfect confidence and trust in a wise and holy Providence. Her sufferings and virtues called around her many of the wise and good of our city, the ministers of religion, and the sympathising and wealthy of her own sex, who enjoyed and improved a visit to her sick room as a scene well calculated to increase their own patience and faith, and to call into exercise the luxury of a wise benevolence. These trials were wisely and faithfully improved on her own part. To occupy her mind and divert some of her wearisome hours, she was encouraged in the use of her pen for which she had a natural talent. In this way, she was led to prepare a number of small books, growing out of her own experience, as manuals of consolation, or exercises in piety. These, through the agency of her numerous friends, under the titles of "Pious Thoughts," "Exercises for Private Devotion," and "Reflections in Retirement," found a wide circulation—and have afforded comfort to many a stricken heart, and encouraged and aided others in a course of meditation and Prayer.

Mrs. J. was amiable in her feelings, grateful to her many friends, devout and Christian in her desires and hopes, patient and resigned under the dispensations of Providence, and earnest and sincere in the cause of truth and religion. In this frame of mind, of which she was an early professor, she was prepared for her last summons. It came unexpectedly at last, but it found her calm, cheerful, and ready to depart and be with Christ. She died full of the Christian's hope, and with the consciousness that sick and feeble as she had been, she, like one endeared to every Christian, "had done what she could." Many, many, sympathise with her solitary sister who is left alone to weep the loss of one to whom she was most affectionately attached, and whose fidelity through so many years and to the last, is worthy of all commendation and praise. May the God of all consolation reward and bless her. * * * *

For the Register.

MR. WILLIAM PARSONS.

Died in Boston, Jan. 13th, 1847, William Parsons, aged 46 years.

In the midst of usefulness, and in the possession of all that life makes dear to us, he was suddenly, in a moment, translated from earth, we trust, to the brightness and happiness of Heaven. The suddenness of the blow would have crushed us, but for the conviction, that the dealings of the Lord are right and merciful. We hear not the deep songs of joy, which welcomed him to his eternal home; but we rest in sure and certain hope, that he has attained the felicity, in the promises of the Gospel. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor can the heart of man conceive, the things which are prepared for those who love God." We follow him in trust and faith to the welcome of his divine Master; "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

L. G. P.

REV. CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

Died, in Cincinnati, on the 3d day of January, 1847, Rev. Cornelius George Fenner, Pastor of the Unitarian Society in that city. He was a native of Rhode Island and a graduate of Brown University.

At a meeting of the Delta Phi Society of that University, holden on the 16th inst, his death was announced, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in consideration of his amiable qualities of heart and his superior talent, the fraternity sincerely regret and feelingly deplore in the death of the Rev. Cornelius George Fenner the loss of a valuable and beloved brother.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with his bereaved relatives and friends in their sad and irreparable loss, and while we reverence the sacredness of their sorrow, we tender them the consolation of our mutual regret.

Resolved, That we wear our customary badge of mourning as a tribute of respect to the deceased.

Published by order of the Society. [Providence Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Summary. Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., of this city has offered to give $20,000 towards founding a literary institution in Wisconsin, provided an equal amount in money or lands is raised in that territory: so says the Milwaukie Sentinel.—Immense quantities of produce have been purchased for France, in the New Orleans market. The new world is beginning to take care of the old—to feed her starving millions.—Hon. Caleb Cushing has been chosen Colonel of the Massachusetts Volunteers.—Funeral services over the remains of the late Senator Pennybacker of Virginia were performed in the Senate Chamber, Washington, on 13th inst.—The boiler of a locomotive exploded last week, on the Reading railroad: and seven men on the engine and tender were killed. The body of one man was found at a distance of 200 yards from the spot where the accident occurred. The engine was drawing a train of empty cars.—It looks now as if a majority of the present Congress were opposed to the extension of the *area of slavery*. A good sign of the times this!—By later accounts it is said the American troops at Saltillo are in no danger from an attack from Santa Anna.—Mr. A. D. Jones has become associate editor of the New Bedford Bulletin.—Hon. R. M. T. Hunter has been chosen Senator from Virginia, from 4th of March next, in the place of Senator Archer.—Late Mexican papers have been received, from which it appears there is no disposition towards peace on the part of Mexico. Santa Anna has been chosen President and Farias Vice President, by Congress, until the time for the popular election arrives.—Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is well worth seeing, and is visited by large numbers. It is especially attractive and interesting to children.—After a protracted trial Albert J. Tirrell has been acquitted of the charge of arson. The defence was somnambulism or the *insanity of sleep*, as the counsel phrased it.—Com. Perry has taken Laguna, a town about 60 miles from Tobasco, on an island in Lake Terminos.—The Transcript, which has always been very neat in its typographical appearance, was clothed with a new and beautiful dress on Tuesday.—We are glad to see that Samuel P. Long, Esq., is to repeat by request his excellent lectures on Painting and Sculpture. He begins on Monday evening next.

We find the following interesting statement in a letter of Hon. Nathan Appleton to the Middlesex Mechanic Association, Lowell, who have placed his portrait in their hall.

"As connected with this part, and as constituting the germ of the present city of Lowell, the following circumstances may be thought interesting. Mr. Patrick T. Jackson and myself had been amongst the original associates who established the Boston Manufacturing Company of Waltham, in which the power loom was first brought into successful operation on this side the Atlantic. The success of that establishment had satisfied us that the time had arrived for undertaking the manufacture and printing of calicoes, and in the summer of 1821 we made an excursion into New Hampshire, in search of a suitable water power.

Soon after our return, the idea was suggested to Mr. Jackson of purchasing the stock of the Patucket Canal, on the Merrimack river, together with such lands as might be necessary for using the great water power which might be created by its enlargement. He communicated the same to me. After ascertaining that Mr. Kirk Boott was willing to join us in the enterprise, and to become the manager and agent to carry it into effect, we proceeded through trustworthy agents to purchase the canal and the most important adjoining lands. It was not until these had been secured, that we thought proper to visit the scene. I well recollect the first visit. It was in the month of November, 1821, and a slight snow covered the ground. The party consisted of Messrs. P. T. Jackson, Kirk Boott, Warren Dutton, Paul Moody, John W. Boott and myself. We perambulated the grounds and scanned the capabilities, and it may be worth recording that so sensible were we of its future importance, that I distinctly recollect the remark made by one of the party, that some of us might probably live to see the place contain 20,000 inhabitants. We proceeded with new associates to organize the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, with a capital of 600,000 dollars, to which corporation the whole property was conveyed. The enlargement of the canal was finished during the two following summers, and on or about the 1st day of September, 1823, the first water wheel performed its revolutions. The city now contains, I am told upwards of 30,000 inhabitants.

Boston Asylum and Farm Schools for Indigent Boys. At the annual meeting of this corporation, held on Tuesday last, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—President, Theodore Lyman; Vice President, Moses Grant; Treasurer, J. Ingersoll Bowditch; Secretary, Geo. H. Kuhn; Managers, Benj. A. Gould, Elijah Cobb, Samuel Hooper, George Bemis, Richard W. Bayley, Rev. R. C. Waterston, Samuel E. Brackett, Jesse Bird, Francis Bacon.

A Noble Fortune Nobly Used. The Duke de Luynes, who inhabits the *Chateau Dampierre*, in the environs of Versailles, has recently given a hundred thousand francs to the sufferers by the inundations in France. The Duke de Luynes has an income of 1,500,000 francs a year; and devotes every year 500,000 to deeds of benevolence, and as many more to the encouragement of the fine arts.

Americans in Russia—Locomotive and Railroad Cars. We have been politely favored with the following extract of a letter from a Philadelphia engineer and machinist of character and ability, who is now in Russia. It is dated, Head Mechanical Works, Alexanderoffsky, St. Petersburg, Russia, Nov. 4th, 1846.

"We shall finish, this year, or the beginning of the next, the full complement of trucks, (5300,) and in all of next year, (1847,) the 162 Locomotives will be finished. We are now driving on with such speed, that we would feel no hesitation in duplicating our first orders 1850. We have limited the number of engines to be turned out to six a month, to prevent running out of materials. We have turned out nine in a month, and the number for the last ten months is 65—the full number now finished is 85. In our car shops we are getting on very finely; we have delivered to the Government 200 platform cars, and 300 box cars, and are now finishing five box cars every day—they are large, eight-wheel cars, 30 feet long. We have not yet commenced on the passenger cars, but have completed the building a shop for that purpose. The building is, 375 feet long by 60 wide, and divided into three apartments—the first for preparing the work, the second for erecting, and the third for painting. The number of cars that we have to make is 2,000 box, 580 platform, 70 passenger cars—making the complement for the 5,300 trucks in the first order. Independently of these, we have taken an order for two Imperial cars, 70 feet long, to be placed on 16 wheels. We are to receive for these cars, 11,600 rubles of silver each or $8,625, without chairs, sofas, or inside trimming. We have undertaken, and now have nearly completed, about twenty miles of the railroad. This we undertook more for our accommodation than profit, so as to have a portion of the road to operate upon. We have declined making the rest of the road, as it would interfere with our present business.

We do considerable transient work, and could have much more if we chose to take it. We are now making seven stationary engines for the interior, and have in hand several heavy orders for bolts and nuts for bridges on the line. This has been a very busy year for me, and our imports have been very heavy, amounting to over half a million of dollars. The number of vessels we have received this year is 85, and there are several more yet to arrive. We have had at times this summer nearly 3,000 men employed, which, together with the foreign business, has given the mercantile department much to do, and to prevent errors occurring, I have been constantly on the alert. All the business with the Government has to be transacted by writing. [Phila. Inquirer.

The above is a fine illustration of American enterprise.

House's Lightning Printing Press is intended for the transmission of Telegraphic intelligence, the letters themselves being printed upon the slips, with great accuracy and despatch, no interpreter being necessary for the purpose of rendering symbolical signs into intelligible language, but any child who knows its alphabet can readily read the ribbon like slips, as they fall from the mysterious workings of the machine. The impressions of each letter are made upon a small steel wheel of some four inches diameter, around the periphery of which the alphabet is arranged. This wheel, upon touching a key with a certain letter upon it, instantly performs a partial revolution which brings the character sought immediately above the slip in waiting. As if imbued with instinct, a spring is let loose, which forces the slip against the type—the paper passes on a trifle—again the wheel starts, another impression, and so on, letter by letter, as fast as one can touch the keys, the paragraph slips out into view. The operation is beautiful and exact. No ink is used, yet the printing is but a shade lighter than that which the reader is now perusing, and the rapidity with which it is executed is truly grand. In the present instance, the entire apparatus is in one room, the case of keys being but a few feet removed from the press. Yet there is no obstacle whatever to separating them thousands of miles, and such is the delicacy and accuracy of the machine, that the press, though it be stationed in New Orleans, unerringly indicates to the operator, who might be in this city, the fact, each time a single letter is produced! Professor House has been some two or three years perfecting this splendid triumph of art and science. [N. Y. Globe.

Railroads. Various projects of new railroads, and extension and improvements of old ones are continually brought before us. Among these is a proposal of one to be called the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad. It is to strike off from the "Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad" at Lewiston, and pass through the towns of Greene, Leeds, Wales, Monmouth, Winthrop, Reedfield and Belgrade to Waterville. These are among the finest farming towns of Maine, and the route has been found by survey to be very favorable. The cost is estimated at about $450,000.

Another project is, of a Railroad from the town of Lee, in this State to Housatonicville in New York. The estimated cost is $500,000.

The Bible in France. The Quarterly Paper of the Foreign Evangelical Society, reports a further distribution in France, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, of 130,317 copies of the Holy Scriptures. These have issued from the Society's depot at Paris, and are irrespective of the distribution of other and kindred institutions, operating for the benefit of that country. The same society, during the year 1845–46, has employed 110 colporteurs, at an expense of 75,062 francs.

Cotton for our Factories. There has been a remarkable progressive increase in the consumption of cotton in the manufacturing establishments this vicinity. In 1830 the number of bales was 46,203—in 1836, it was 82,885—in 1840, 138,709, and in 1846 it amounted to 161,764.

Commerce of the New York Canals. It is shown from official sources, that the entire movement of property from and to the Hudson, is greater in value, by $4,490,353 than the exports of the United States for the fiscal year ending July 1844, and greater by 7,297,845 than the value of the goods imported into the United States for the same time.

Real Estate. The property at the corner of Washington and Summer streets, belonging to the estate of the late John Redman, has been sold at the high price of $11 per foot. Hon. John C. Gray was the purchaser. The total amount of this sale was a little short of $100,000.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:

From the Auxiliary Association in Rev. Dr. Gannett's Society in Boston,	$133 55
From Rev. Mr. Withington's Society in Leominster,	50 00
From Henry Gassett, Esq., (Donation)	15 00
From Auxiliary Association in Keene, N. H.,	45 00
From do. do. in Lexington, (in part)	7 00
From Auxiliary Association in Hubbardston,	10 00
From do. do. in Lynn,	15 00
From do. do. in Groton,	24 00
From several individuals in do.,	15 00
From Ladies Charitable Society in do.,	10 00
From Ladies Tract Society in Stow,	10 50
From Hon. N. Appleton, (a Donation,)	100 00
From Auxiliary Association in Norton, (in part)	17 13
From Auxiliary Association in Marlboro',	40 00
From do. do. in Albany, N. Y.,	32 00
From do. do. in Charlestown, N. H.,	10 00
From do. do. in Northboro',	30 00
From do. do. in Broadway Unitarian Society in South Boston,	50 00
From Unitarian Society at Hubbardston,	8 00

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

We learn from good authority, that John D. Williams, Esq., has notified the occupants of one of his stores in North Market street, which has been used for a bar-room, that after the expiration of the present lease, in April next, no more spiritous liquors can be sold on the premises. [Journal.

We are glad to see the above honorable example, and hope that it may be everywhere followed.

*** An interesting anniversary meeting of the New York Unitarian Association was held in the Church of the Divine Unity on Monday of last week. The Report of the Executive Committee is highly commended. Speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Farley of Brooklyn, L. I. Rev. Mr. Bellows of N. Y. Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston. Messrs. Allen, Warren, Cook and others of N. Y.

*** Rev. Charles H. A. Dall, is to be installed, we believe, on Sunday, Feb. 7th, as Pastor over the Church in Needham.

*** Rev. Theophilus P. Doggett, formerly of Bridgewater, has received an invitation to become Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Ashby.

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j16 tf

☞ ANNIVERSARY OF MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. The friends of the Anti-Capital Punishment Reform must remember that the anniversary of the above Society will take place on TUESDAY, twenty-sixth of January inst., at Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield street, at 10 o'clock. Wendell Phillips, Dr. Channing, Robert Rantoul, Jr. and others, will address the meeting. It is expected that there will be a very interesting time. We hope to have a meeting that will influence the coming session of our Legislature to abolish entirely the death-penalty. The meeting will be held for one day and evening. 2w j16

☞ WORCESTER ASSOCIATION. A meeting of this body will be held in Northboro' on Tuesday, Jan'y 26th, at 5 o'clock P. M.

j23 H. WITHINGTON, Scribe.

☞ The Religious Society lately formed in this city under the direction of Rev Wm H. Channing, will meet hereafter at Washingtonian Hall, in Bromfield st, (a few doors from Washington st.) every Sunday *afternoon*, at the usual hour of public services. j16

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Chapin, Mr. Perley D. Cummings, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Ann E. Bugbee.

On Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Towne, Mr. Thomas Chisholm, to Miss Lucy E. W. Pepper.

In Lowell, 18th inst., by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Marcellus Carpenter, of Charlestown, to Miss Eliza Ann Smith of Hollis, Maine.

In Newburyport, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Edward B. Williams of Boston, to Miss Nancy P. Martin of N.

In Portsmouth, N. H., on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Ilsley, Mr. James Cary of Boston, to Mrs. Ann E. Miller, of Portsmouth.

By Rev. Mr. Woart, Mr. David Dempster, to Miss Martha Towle.

In Gloucester James Gerrish, Esq., of Chelsea, to Miss Anna B. Foster.

In Dresden, Maine, 14th inst. by Rev. Mr. Babcock, Mr. Charles H. Gridley, of Boston, to Miss Martha Bertha, daughter of Dr. George K. Morrison, of D.

In Ipswich, 14th inst., by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Mr. Joseph Ross to Miss Joanna, daughter of Capt. Richard Weymouth.

DEATHS.

In this city, 19th inst., Miss Jane Sorenson, late of Yarmouth, N. S., 24.

On Tuesday forenoon, Mr. Reuben Coombs, 67.

18th inst., of consumption, Martha Jane, wife of Dexter Peabody, 20.

17th inst., very suddenly, of pleurisy fever, Mr. Hepzibah J. Shattuck, 62.

14th inst., Mr. Daniel B. Whitredge, 36, formerly of Hamilton.

14th inst., very suddenly, Mrs. Louisa Upton, 35,—wife of Elijah W. Upton, Esq., one of the Representatives of Danvers to the General Court.

In Newton, Upper Falls, 19th inst., Mrs. Myra, wife of Isaac Smith, jr., and daughter of Gen. Ebenezer Cheney, of N., 24.

In Lunenburg, 18th inst., Rev. Richard T. Austin, 37, late of Cambridge, a native of Waldoboro', Me., and a graduate of Bowdoin College.

In Boxford, Miss Eliza Spofford, 25.

In Merrimack, Mrs. Aurora, wife of Mr. Timothy Cheeney, 22.

In Methuen, 12th inst., Mary Orne White, daughter of Frederick and Mira W. George, aged 3 mos.

In Weymouth, 27th ult., Nathan Kingman, son of Nathan Kingman, Esq., aged 14 weeks.

In Amherst, N. H., 18th inst., very suddenly, Hon. Stephen Peabody of that place. He was in court apparently well on Monday.

In Hopkinton, 26th ult., Mr. Samuel Goddard, 87 years and 9 months, a soldier of the revolution.

In Somerville, 18th inst., Mary Adelaide, daughter of Geo. and Ann S. Day, 2 years.

In Malden, 16th inst., Rufus H. Whitman, 17.

In Northborough, 9th inst., Sarah, daughter of John Ladd, late of Rushton, Northamptonshire, aged 18.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

COMBINING Literary entertainment and instruction with an effort to promote the union of thorough Self-Improvement with every department of Industry. The first number of this new Periodical, of original design and neat execution—to contain matter of the most spirited and interesting, and at the same time elevating and useful character, from many of the first and best minds of the nation—was published on the first of January, and has already been very favorably noticed by most of the Boston Presses. This number contains articles original and selected, by the Editor, H. W. Longfellow, E. P. Whipple, Orville Dewey, Isaac F. Shepard, Geo. S. Hilliard, D. H. Howard, Charles Sumner, J. Russell Lowell, S. P. Andrews, James T. Fields, Albert Pike, Goethe, and Prof. T.C. Upham.

Contents.

Original Papers.—Prospectus; The Necessity of Self-Acquaintance; Thought and Reading; Inward Life, a poem; The Pauper Lad of Woodend, or a Will and a Way—a Tale of Real Life; A Visit to my Old Home, a poem; A Hint on Patronage; Above and Below, an uncommonly fine poem; Phonotypy and Phonography, or Speech Printing and Speech Writing explained; Some editorial Words; The Contributions Wanted; The Book-World, giving impartial notices of new publications; Mercantile Library Association.

Choice Selections—Learn to Labor and to Wait, a Psalm of Life; Genius will study; A word to the Sluggish; A Patch on both knees and Gloves on—in imitation of Dr. Franklin; Sunshine and Shade, a poem; A Rich Lesson from the Lives of Four Men of Genius; A picture of the Prairie; True True Nobility.

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☞ Edited and Published by GEO. W. LIGHT, 3 Cornhill, Boston, and sold by the principal Periodical Agents or Booksellers throughout the U. S.

3w j20

1847. THIS DAY PUBLISHED—LORING'S STATE REGISTER, or Record Book of Valuable Information, giving Massachusetts State Officers, First Provincial Congress, Members of Massachusetts Medical Society, Churches, Colleges, Militia Officers, Postmasters, 100 Societies, Charitable, Religious and Literary; Directors of 29 Banks, 31 Insurance Companies, and 25 Railroads; United States Officers of Army, Navy, &c.; Tariff of 1846, Oregon Treaty, Sub-Treasury, Warehouse System, City Officers of Boston, Salem, Lowell, Roxbury and Cambridge; Free-Masons and Odd Fellows, London Banks and Bankers, Households of English Royal Families, 300 Commissioners of this and other States.

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For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School Street. j23.

WILSON ON UNITARIANISM. The concession of Trinitarians, being a selection of extracts from the writings of the eminent Biblical critics and commentators, by John Wilson, author of "Scripture Proofs, and Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism."

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j23 3t 118 Washington street.

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UNITARIAN ALMANAC FOR 1847. The Unitarian Annual Register for 1847, edited by Rev. A. A. Livermore, with blank leaves for memoranda, 12 cents.

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CHRISTIAN UNION. A Discourse preached before the First Congregational Society in Kingston, November 26th, 1846. By Augustus R. Pope, Minister of the Church. Published by Request.

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[For the Register.]

TO WHOM IS THE ARM OF THE LORD REVEALED?

ISAIAH.

Not unto thee, proud man! not unto thee!
He knows thy hollow and aspiring heart;
And his veiled face thy soul shall never see,
Till like an humble, grateful child thou art.

Not unto thee, thou stained of crime! oh, no!
Thou couldst not see him were his veil withdrawn!
A mist is on thy eyes and hides the glow,
More radiant than the fairest earthly dawn.

Not unto thee, who yieldest to despair,
Nor meekly giv'st the cherished idol up.
How shouldst thou, 'mid the grief that knows no prayer,
Perceive the hand that holds the bitter cup!

Not unto *thee* whom Fortune hath betrayed,
And disappointment whelmed in cureless grief.
Thou on the Lord thy burden hast not laid,—
And could his searching presence give relief?

But unto thee, thou pure in heart! is shown
The Mighty Arm on which thou dost repose.
His voice is heard in every soothing tone,
His smiles the folded flowers of life unclose.

That hand which led thy sinless feet in peace,
On rougher roads will not forsake its trust;
And when thy Father wills, shall give release,
Receive thy soul, and render dust to dust.

H. J. W.

OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

BY KRUMMACHER.

[From Brook's Translations.]

O, only see how sweetly there
Our little church is gleaming!
The golden evening sunshine fair
On tower and roof is streaming.
How soft and tranquil all around!
Where shall its like on earth be found?

Through the green foliage, white and clear,
It peeps out all so gayly
Round on our little village here,
And down through all the valley.
Well pleased it is, as one may see,
With its own grace and purity.

Not always does it fare so well
When tempests rage and riot;
Yet even then the little bell
Speaks out,—"T will soon be quiet!
Though clouds look black and pour down rain,
The sunshine, brighter, comes again."

And when the organ shines and sounds,
With silver pipes all glistening,
How every heart then thrills and bounds,
And earth and heaven seem listening,
Such feelings in each bosom swell!
But what he feels no one can tell.

O, see in evening's golden fire
Its little windows gleaming!
Bright as a bride in gay attire,
With flowers and jewels beaming.
Ay, look now! how it gleams and glows,
Fair as an apricot or rose!

Within, our little church shows quite,—
Believe me,—quite as neatly;
The little benches, blue and white,
All empty, look so sweetly!
On Sunday none is empty found,—
There's no such church the wide world round!

See where, against the pillard wall,
The pulpit high is builded,
Well carved and planned by master-hand,
All polished bright and gilded.
Then comes the parson undismayed,—
They wonder he is not afraid.

But he stands up, a hero, there,
And leads them on to heaven,
Through all this world of sin and care,
The flock his God has given.
Soft falls his word, as dew comes down
On a dry meadow, parched and brown.

But see! the sun already sinks,
And all the vale is darkling,
Only our little spire still blinks
With day's last golden sparkling.
How still and sacred all around!
Where shall a church like ours be found?

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY SUSAN ANDREWS.

BY JOSEPH ALLEN.

Mary Susan Andrews, eldest daughter of John and Sarah Andrews, died at Northborough, Mass., Oct. 23d, 1837, aged twelve years.

I love to recall the image of this dear child. She grew up in innocence and beauty, apparently unconscious of the attractions which belonged to her person and character, and which made her a universal favorite. She was to me an object of peculiar interest. She was the companion of my children, a frequent visitor in my family, and by her gentle, modest deportment, her sweet disposition, and her eagerness to gain knowledge, she had become as dear to me almost as one of my own children. There was an uncommon ease and gracefulness in her very gait; and the joyous smile on her countenance spoke of innocence and peace within.

On one occasion, (it was a few months before her death,) at the Sunday School celebration of the Fourth of July, as she was passing along the road-side in company with other misses of her age, she attracted the notice of the gentleman whom I had invited to address the children, who will remember to this day the remark which I could not forbear to make: "She wants only wings to make her an angel." Alas! little did I think that the beautiful vision would so soon depart, and that the angel would so soon ascend out of our sight.

In school she was one of our best scholars, attaining to the highest rank without awakening one feeling of jealousy or envy in her schoolmates, so meekly did she wear her honors, so free from self-complacency and vanity. To all her teachers, from her childhood, she endeared herself by her remarkable docility and her cheerful obedience. All felt it to be a privilege and an honor to have had, though but for a short time, the care and nurture of so fair a flower; to have been instrumental in unfolding its beauties, and rendering it "meet for the Master's use."

Her death was sudden and unlooked for. Till within one week, her health had been uninterrupted, and not one of her companions seemed more buoyant in spirits or to have a stronger hold on life than she. A sudden cold brought on a violent inflammation which baffled the skill of the physician, and soon threatened a fatal termination.

As soon as I was apprised of her danger, I called to see her, and found all my worst fears realized. It was but too apparent that she must soon die. She was in pain, but she met me with the same sweet smile as ever. I spoke to her of her situation, stated what were our fears, and asked if she was willing to die. She became very thoughtful; and, after a few moment's pause, replied as was natural, with diffidence and hesitation, that she could not tell.—She had hoped to recover. Life was dear to her. Her father and mother stood over her and she was their darling child. It was hard to part with them and her other friends. She had become interested in the school which she attended, where she had greatly endeared herself to her teachers and her school companions. It was hard to leave them, and to die so soon. She could not at once be reconciled to the thought.

I questioned her in regard to her belief in God and Jesus Christ, and found that she not only believed, but had an enlightened and strong faith; and she could say at that solemn hour—and it was said with great earnestness—that she loved her kind heavenly Father, that she loved her Savior, her Bible, and her Sunday School. As the conversation proceeded, she became composed and even cheerful. After the interval of a few hours I called again, and was not surprised to find that she had been deeply meditating on the subject of our former conversation, and that her mind had become reconciled to the thought of death; that her faith had banished all gloom, and that "perfect love," (it was, I believe, perfect in the sense intended by the apostle) had "cast out fear."

The interview was satisfactory and most delightful, and I parted with her, being compelled to fulfil an engagement in another place, not indeed without many tears, but with a deep conviction that she was prepared to die, and a confident hope that she would die with a tranquil spirit, and a trusting heart.

I returned after a day's absence, during which interval her image was continually haunting my mind, and to my great joy found that she still lived, and was anxious to see me. I was soon at her side, and there I remained two or three hours, listening to the beautiful and fitting words that fell from the lips of this dying child—words so touching and so replete with heavenly wisdom, that you would have thought, had you not looked upon her youthful form, that they came from an experienced Christian. It was good to be there. And many had the privilege to come into that chamber and to share in the rich spiritual entertainment that was there furnished.

As one after another of her school companions called to see her, she beckoned them to her side, gave them a parting kiss, and an affectionate farewell. It was a scene of high moral sublimity which those who witnessed it can never forget. We could not weep, for we were raised above this world, and seemed, for the time, to be with her in some high region out of the reach of mortal things. We felt that she was about to be *translated*, and death seemed to have no place there.

To the above tribute to one who lives, and who will ever live in my memory and my heart, I cannot forbear to subjoin the following sketch, written at the time by a young friend. "It was a sad day to the children in the village of Northborough, when it was rumored that their little friend Susan, who, but a few days before, had been among them, lay dangerously sick, and was about to breathe her last. Susan was a lovely little girl of twelve years of age, the joy and hope of her fond parents, a favorite among her companions, and beloved by all who knew her. Endued by nature with uncommon charms, both of mind and person, it seemed neither to affect her with pride, nor her companions with envy. She had been, the last summer, attending school, where she had won the esteem of her teachers by her studious habits and sweet disposition.—But suddenly she was taken sick, and in a few days was pronounced beyond cure. The summons to leave this beautiful world, to leave her dear parents, her brothers and little sister, with the rest of her friends, was very unexpected to her; and when her minister asked her if she was willing to die, and leave them all,—she said at first, she did not know,—she could not tell.—She said she loved her God and her Savior, and seemed delighted with the idea of going to meet that Friend who took little children into his arms and blessed them. He conversed with her a good deal, and tried to reconcile her to the thought of dying, and when he next called, a few hours before her death, he found that she could speak of the event with as much composure, as if she had only been going a pleasant journey. She had now no desire to get well, but longed for the time of her departure to arrive. She asked to have her funeral in the meeting-house, so that all her little friends might attend. To each of them who came that morning to see her, she gave a sweet kiss, and last farewell, and bade them kiss all the school girls for her, and bid them good bye. The gentleman whose school she attended called to see her, and she gave him a message for her school-mates, of whom she was very fond. It was this: 'Give my love to all the scholars, and tell them if they wish to die happy they must be good.'

"It was a bright and beautiful day when Susan died; but the solemn sound of the bell, as it told that all was over, and that her pure spirit had ascended to its Maker, spread a gloom over all our hearts. And it was a bright and beautiful afternoon when we committed the faded flower to the bosom of the earth. Her funeral was a sad but interesting occasion. The pupils of the school which she was attending at the time of her death, with the teachers, and her Sunday School teacher, each with a badge of mourning, walked in procession to meet her parents and friends, and accompanied them to the church, where her remains were carried according to her request. The church was well filled, for Susan was generally known and beloved, and many came to mingle their tears with those of her afflicted parents.

The funeral services were commenced by singing the following hymn composed for the occasion.

Why are we assembled here?
Why these sighs and sounds of wo?
Bursting sighs the bosom fill,
Silent tears unbidden flow.

See! upon yon sable bier,
Susan's lovely form is laid;
Radiant face and gentle mien,
All in death's cold garb arrayed.

Parent, teachers, school-mates, all,
Take one sad, one last farewell,
Take the kiss she left for you,
Ere she went with God to dwell.

From his garden here below,
God selects the choicest flowers;
Plucks them from their parent stem
To adorn his heavenly bowers.

Things too bright and fair for earth,
He collects and treasures there;
In his day to bring them forth,
With *his jewels* to appear.

After this had been sung by the teachers and children of the Sunday School, the pastor addressed a few words of consolation to her friends, and then addressed the source of all consolation on their behalf. The procession was then formed to accompany the precious dust to the tomb. It consisted first of eight little girls, her most intimate friends, who, dressed in white, with black trimmings, walked by the coffin as pall bearers. Then followed the relatives and friends—then the school—then the Sunday School with its teachers—and lastly, the assembly, forming a very long procession. When they arrived at the tomb, the children stood around, while the female voices sung a sweet hymn, which was very touching.

On the Sabbath after her death, the minister preached from these words, relating to the daughter of Jairus, who died at the same age: 'And all wept and bewailed her; but he said, weep not; she is not dead but sleepeth.' In the Sunday School that day, we looked round with sad and tearful eyes, for Susan's place was vacant. She loved the Sunday School, was constant in her attendance, and but two short weeks before, had taken her accustomed seat with her teacher. But she has gone to live with angels,—herself an angel. God has transplanted this fair flower into his garden above, [and we will try not to mourn; 'that one so young and lovely should have a life so brief.'

For not unmeet it was, that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—not like the flowers to return with the spring, again to flourish and die; but to bloom with immortal beauty in the paradise of God."

Not long after the decease, the children erected a plain marble monument over her grave, that when they visited the spot, they might be reminded of dear Susan, and recall to mind her dying message. The monument stands between two others, which have since been erected; one over the grave of Susan's mother, and one over that of her brother Charles, a dear little fellow, who was also a member of the Sunday School.

Should you, my young friends, who read this, ever pass through the pleasant village of Northborough, if you have time, visit the new burying ground, just back of the Village Church, and pause a moment at Susan's grave. And while you read the inscription on the little white stone, resolve that you will try "to be good, that you too may be happy,"—happy in life and happy in death. [Teacher's New Year's Present.

ANOTHER GRACE DARLING.

The Church of England Magazine has published several interesting extracts from the Journal of a Missionary in Canada, two or three of which we have heretofore copied. We give below another, which we have no doubt will be acceptable to our readers. The river alluded to we suppose to be the Ottawa, and the rapids those above the Shaw Lake—

In attending to the building of the Church, as well as to all my duties in the township in which it was situated, I had to cross a large and rapid river. In the winter this was easy enough as during that season the ice is seldom less than two feet thick. In the spring it is impassable, in this particular vicinity, for more than a month during the continuance of the freshets, when it rises to an enormous height, sometimes as much as nineteen feet. On one occasion it exceeded even that height by several feet; and it then left a memento of the extraordinary circumstance which remained for more than twenty years. In the midst of a violent rapid, some sixty miles higher up the river stands a small pillar shaped rock, twenty-two feet high, above the "low water mark." On its top, which is not more than ten or twelve feet square, is, or rather was, a small birch tree. Against this tree upon the top of this isolated rock, a mast, a large pine log, about four feet in diameter at the butt end and about eighteen feet long, was left by that stupendous flood. I saw it myself in one of my excursions to some far-off settlement in the neighborhood. There were no other means by which the log could possibly have been deposited there.

In the summer and autumn the communication was convenient enough by means of a ferry.

A young man and his sister have kept this ferry for several years, during which they have performed many acts of heroic benevolence, and have rescued numbers of their fellow creatures from a watery grave. One of these had so much of perilous adventure in it that I shall make no apology for giving some account of it, the more especially as I was myself one of the trembling and anxious spectators of the whole scene.

A raft of timber, on its way down the river to the nearest port, was dashed to pieces by the violence of the rapids. There was the usual number of men upon it, all of whom, except two were fortunate enough to get upon a few logs that kept together, and were comparatively safe; while their two poor comrades were helplessly contending with the tumbling waves, a boat within reach of them, but without being able to afford them the slightest assistance. After a minute or two, and when one more would have been their last, a long oar, or sweep, belonging to the wrecked raft, came floating by.

They instantly seized it, and held on till they were carried down more than a mile, loudly calling for help as they went along; but what aid could we render them? No craft, none at least which were on the banks of the river, could live in such a boiling torrent as that; for it was during one of the high spring freshets. But the ferryman was of a different opinion, and could not brook the thought of their dying before his eyes, without his making a single effort to save them. "How could I stand idly looking on," he said to me afterward, "with a tough ash oar in my hand, and a tight little craft at my feet, and hear their cries for help, and see them drowned?" He determined at all risks to try to rescue them from the fate which seemed to us inevitable. He could not, however, go alone, and there was not another man on that side of the river within half a mile of him. His sister knew this, and courageously, like another Grace Darling, proposed at once to accompany him in his perilous adventure. From being so often on the water, with her brother, she well knew how to handle an oar. Often indeed, without him, she had paddled a passenger across the ferry in her little canoe. He accepted her proposal, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the light punt put off from the shore opposite that from which we were idly and uselessly looking on, and go gallantly over the surging torrent toward the sinking men. We feared, however, that it would not be in time to save them, as their cries for help grew fainter and fainter, till each one, we thought, would be their last. We saw that the oar, with the drowning men clinging to it, was floating rapidly down the middle of the stream—which in this particular locality is more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, and would inevitably, in two or three minutes more, be in the white water among the breakers, when their fate must be sealed and the boat, if it followed be dashed to pieces among the rocks. This was the principal point of danger, and they had to run down within a most fearful proximity of it to take the course which the drowning men were drifting, and, as they did so, to seize hold of them without losing their own headway, for there was not time for that. They succeeded in shooting athwart the current, rapid as it was, just below the men. With breathless and painful anxiety we saw them execute this dangerous manœuvre. We saw the ferryman lean over the side of his boat for a moment as it passed them, while his sister backed water with her oar.

"They are saved!" some one said, close behind me, in a whisper so deep and earnest that I started, and turned to look at the speaker; when another who heard him, exclaimed, No, no! they are gone! they are lost! the boat has left them," and sure enough it had. But in an instant just as we thought they were about to be driven into the fatal breakers, they turned, to our inexpressible delight, as if drawn by some invisible power (the rope the ferryman had attached to the oar was, indeed invisible to us,) and followed the boat.

The ferryman and his sister had yet to pull a fearful distance for the time they had to do it in, to get out of that part of the current leading to the breakers. And they accomplished it. The man had the bow oar, and we could see the tough ash bend like a willow wand as he stretched out to keep the head of the boat partially up the stream. His sister, too, "kept her own," and the little punt shot out rapidly into the comparatively quiet stream, beyond the influence of that fearful current, which was rapidly driving them upon the breakers.

When this was accomplished, our fears for the safety of the noble hearted brother and sister were at an end, and we took a long breath; it was, indeed, a relief to do so. Still we continued to watch their proceedings with the deepest interest.

The moment they got into a less rapid current which they knew led into comparatively still water they ceased rowing, and allowed the punt to float down with it. The young ferryman now drew up the sweep alongside, and succeeded in getting the two unfortunate men into his boat. While he was doing this, his sister went aft, and used her oar as a rudder to steer the boat. At the foot of the current, which they soon afterward reached, there was no farther danger.—But we watched them still; and we saw them row ashore, on their own side of the river. One of the poor fellows was so much exhausted that the ferryman had to carry him on his back to the nearest house, where he soon recovered.

Twelve months after this took place I had the satisfaction of presenting to this worthy ferryman in the presence of above 500 men, a beautiful silver medallion, sent out to me by the Royal Humane Society, to which I had transmitted an account of the occurrence. Nor was the heroine of my story forgotten. A similar medallion was given to him for his sister. She could not, with propriety, be present herself, as it was the annual muster-day of the militia in that locality.

A concise account of the particulars of the transaction, beautifully engrossed on vellum, and signed by his grace the Duke of Northumberland as president of the Society, accompanied each medallion. I need scarcely add, the old and widowed mother of these young people, who lives with them and who is wholly dependent upon them for her support was a proud woman that day.

When honor ceases, knowledge decreases.

Trust not the praise of a friend nor the contempt of an enemy.

Time is a file that wears and makes a noise.

AN ANGEL'S MISSION.

An angel stood on one of the eminences of heaven, when lo! a voice proclaimed, Go forth my servant, and receive from the dwellers of yonder twinkling sphere the tribute they offer to the King of heaven. The angel spread his snowy pinions, and directed his flight to where, on the remotest verge of creation, a dim star faintly glimmered. He passed the shining orbs that roll in dazzling splendor around the throne of God. Beings of majestic loveliness and immortal grace peopled each mighty sphere. Each voice was full of melody, and every eye kindled with the undying bliss, as its glance turned heavenward. For though perfect is the immortality of their nature, they still looked to where the throne of the Invisible burned in light unapproachable and full of glory. Yet he paused not a moment for he fulfilled the bidding of his King; and on he sped, till "thrones, dominions, princedoms" were all passed, and on an orb of shadowy dimness he paused to fold his wings. Ere he entered on the task assigned him, he glanced with eagle ken over the scene before him. How unlike the glorious scenes of his native skies! He scanned the earth. Vegetation lay blackened and withered, for the frost had fallen upon its beauty.—The forest trees had faded from their vernal loveliness, and their discolored foliage was shed upon the ground, or quivered in the autumn blast.—The expanse of ocean next attracted his attention. It lay outstretched in placid loveliness.—Its mighty waves rolled in upon the shore sublimely tranquil. But suddenly the tempest breathed upon it its fierceness, and its mountain billows heaved in wild commotion, till the sky and main mingled in the fearful strife. The sky, before so calm, where the stars reposed in glory, that too changed before him, and dark clouds veiled its beauty, while the lightning flash and thunder peal kindled and shook the heavens. The strife of elements was new to him. He turned away and sought the dwellers of the dark, tempestuous isle. A city reared its massy piles before him. He entered the crowded streets, and passed the portals of one of its stately palaces. It was the hour of mirth—the wine cup sparkled, and the song went round. There was light in every eye, and the elastic step was buoyant with exulting mirth. They mingled in the labyrinthian mazes of the giddy dance, in the fulness of thoughtless joy.

But the hours passed by, and each turned homeward, and there the seraph sought and found them. But oh, how changed. Clouds were on every brow, and every step was languid. One and another he questioned; "Thy tribute to him who made thee. I would bear the offering to Him;" and the vacant stare or soulless laugh alone gave answer. Strange the young and the happy have no offering to-night for him, the glorious One, sighed the angel.—Yet none had aught to offer. He sat himself down in weariness, if weariness can fall upon an immortal nature. His eye glanced down the glittering streets to where a mild light gleamed from an humble casement. He rose and entered the dwelling. By the bed of death a fragile form was bending. The only loved one of earth had departed. The freed spirit had just sprung to its native skies, and she was left alone. Yet was the heart-felt consecration made, "Lord, I am thine." "Thou gavest, and Thou, O Lord, hast taken away, blessed be thy name." Joy beamed on the brow of the angel. "Beautiful, though early fading is thy offering, O daughter of the earth! The Lord accepts and blesses." A moment and he was amid the exulting throng that awake the echoes of heaven. The light of his radiant smile was beautiful in the skies, as he announced the result of his mission. And the heavenly arches rung again with the overflowing of immortal joy, as they heard of the bending suppliant of the mid-night hour—so true it is "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." [Woonsocket Pat.

"IT BENEFITS ME TEN DOLLARS A YEAR."

Prof. Hamilton, of Nashville University in Tennessee says:—When I was teaching several years since, in New Jersey, I was requested to act as Librarian in the Sabbath School. I did so, and for the purpose of enlarging the library, I drew up a paper, and I carried it to the people in the village for contributions. Some gave twenty-five cents, some fifty cents, and some a dollar, till I came to the house of a rich, "learned man," that never went to meeting, and did not believe in the Bible.

Prof. H. being a very polite man, went in and explained the object to this unbeliever.

"Put me down ten dollars," said the infidel.

Prof. H. was quite surprised. "It benefits me ten dollars a year," said the infidel, "and I am willing to pay it."

Prof. H. was astonished. At length he said: "How can the Sabbath school benefit you so much, when you never go near it!"

"Why, before the Sabbath school began," said the infidel, "the boys of the village disturbed me all day on the Sabbath. They were out of their day school, and while their parents were at meeting, many of the boys were in the streets, playing, laughing, or cursing, making so much noise, that I could neither read nor study. Sunday was a noisy day. But the boys now get their lessons, go to their Sunday schools, and then bring home interesting books, or papers to read, so that they never think of play. The Sunday school has made it so. The Sabbath is still and quiet. The change is worth ten dollars a year to me, and I will give that sum *every year*, if you will keep the school going."

[St. Louis American.

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From Dr Wm Cornell, Boston.

As a Physician, I recommend the Chair of L. V. Badger to the attention of the medical profession, as one of the best conceived plans with which I have become acquainted, for administering enema. W. M. CORNELL, M. D.

Boston, Nov 20, 1846.

From Dr Henry S. Lee, Boston.

I have examined the injection Chair of L. V. Badger, and consider it a very convenient apparatus for a sick room, as it combines the advantages of administering enema, and of a stool and sitting chair; and I take pleasure in calling to it the attention of medical practitioners. HENRY S. LEE, M. D.

Boston, Nov 20, 1846.

From the Journal of Health, published in Boston.

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